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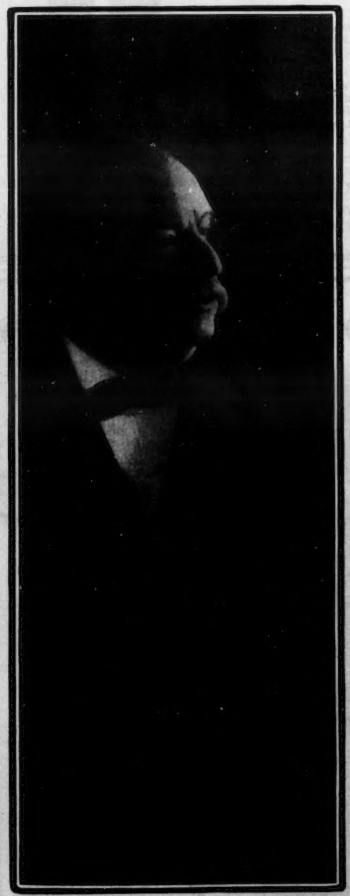

The Safety of the President

By

Ex-President Grover Cleveland

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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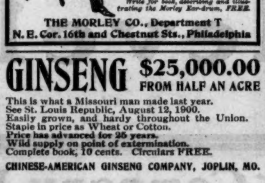

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The Safety of the President

By Ex-President Grover Cleveland

FRANK A. LEYENDECKER

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THE dastardly and now thrice-repeated assassination of a President of the United States, and the terrible circumstances attending the crime, have filled the popular mind with shock and trepidation. This has given rise to a universal demand among our citizens that at this late day something more shall be done by way of protecting the life of our Chief Executive than is accomplished by the deterrent effect of the conviction and execution of the miserable and loathsome creatures who strike the fatal blow. This demand is intensified by the fact that even the restraint that follows this exhibition of stern retributive justice is lost if the foul deed happens to be committed within the jurisdiction of a State whose laws do not denounce the crime of murder with the punishment of death. Thus the chance is by no means remote that our Chief Executive may be assassinated and a great nation be staggered by direful fear and apprehension, and yet that the foul life of the murderer may be saved, to heroize assassination in the imagination of the enemies of social order and to become a centre of sympathy and pity among those who disseminate vicious discontent. It is at this time a perfectly natural and justifiable cause of satisfaction that the hopeless and self-convicted perpetrator of the infamous crime which now darkens with mourning every honest American household can anticipate nothing more gratifying to his brutal self-conceit, and nothing more heroically notorious or sensational, than a shameful death under the law.

Our people have not forgotten that hardly more than a year ago a plot was hatched on American soil which culminated in the assassination of a European King; and now that the continuance of such plotting has forced the poisoned chalice to our own lips, it is insisted on all sides with an earnestness that will not subside with the present acute excitement, that not only should such terrible crimes be adequately and certainly punished in all their branches of execution, instigation and encouragement, but that the opportunity for murderous conference should be prevented, and the bloody counsels of assassination be placed under the ban and watchfulness of the law. It is hardly conceivable that our countrymen will long condone a failure on the part of those intrusted with national interests to take such steps in this direction as will indicate the solicitous care of our people for their constituted Government, and express their determination that the faithful discharge of the highest public duty shall not provoke the peril of violent death.

It is suggested that the safety of the President can be much increased by curtailing his accessibility to the public. It is even said that the custom which has always permitted to the people large latitude in meeting and greeting their Chief Executive, by taking him by the hand, is absurdly dangerous.

A radical diminution of the popular enjoyment of those privileges would be much more difficult of accomplishment than at first blush is apparent. The relations between all the decent people of the land and the President are very close. On the part of the people this situation is the outgrowth of their feeling that they have a more direct proprietary interest in the Presidential office than in any other instrumentality of their Government. They have determined by their united and simultaneous suffrages who the President shall be. In his high office they regard him as the representative of their sovereignty and self-government; and, as the administrator of laws made for their welfare and advantage, they look upon him as their near friend—alive to their needs and anxious for their prosperity and happiness. Closely allied to these sentiments and perhaps directly resulting from them there is an immensely strong band of attachment between all good citizens and their President which, though difficult to define, is nevertheless unmistakably real and distinctively American. In the minds of all law-abiding people, excepting an insignificant minority whose love of country is selfish or who make party scheming an occupation, this attachment overreaches party affiliations and crowds out of memory the exciting incidents of party strife. It may be said to rest upon a feeling of sincere and generous good-fellowship or comradeship which includes the idea that, though the President has been clothed with high honor by his fellow-countrymen, he is still one of the people, that he still needs their support and approbation, and that he is still in sympathy with them in every condition of their daily life.

This attachment and affection of our plain and honest people for their President is not only manifested by their desire to see, hear and greet him, but these kindly sentiments are stimulated and strengthened by every indulgence of this desire. When danger is charged against this indulgence let us remember that, while only one of our three Presidential assassinations can be in any way related to a public opportunity for the people to greet the President, such opportunity has in many millions of honest hearts rekindled wholesome Americanism, and made more deep and warm patriotic impulse. Against one miscreant who, with a desperate foolhardiness that can hardly be again anticipated, has through access to the head of our Nation accomplished a murderous purpose, we should not forget the countless numbers of those who in the privilege of like access would prevent such accomplishment with their lives.

Mr. Cleveland in his library

All things considered it is a serious question, even at a time when all are aroused to the need of better protection of the President, whether a serious limitation of the people's public access to him is justified as either necessary or effective.

It is not amiss to add that in discussing the curtailment of the privileges long accorded to the public in this regard the President himself must be reckoned with. We shall never have a President who is not fond of the great mass of his countrymen and who is not willing to trust them. His close contact with them is inspiring and encouraging. Their friendly greeting and hearty grasp of his hand, with no favors to ask and no selfish cause to urge, bring pleasant relief from official perplexities and annoying importunities. The people have enjoyed a generous access to their President for more than a hundred years. Weighing the remote chance of harm against the benefit and gratification of such access both to himself and the people, it can hardly be predicted that a project for its abolition would be sanctioned by any incumbents of the Presidential office.

It is by no means intended to suggest that this access should be unregulated and entirely free from all precaution. Those charged with care for the President on such occasions should never in the least degree tolerate the idea that there can be a harmless person of unsound mind; nor should they relax their watch for such persons and for all others that may properly be suspected of a liability to do harm. Every doubtful case should be determined on the side of safety and all suspicious movements or conduct should challenge prompt and effective caution. Such precautions can be taken quietly and

unostentatiously. It may be safely said, however, that among the millions interested in having such precautions for Presidential safety adopted, the President himself will be the least anxious concerning them. This will always be so.

The fact is not overlooked that we have fallen upon a time when the danger of Presidential assassination, growing out of conditions and causes to which our thoughts have been somewhat accustomed, is nearly forgotten as we are confronted face to face with another menace more dreadful in intent, more secret in machination, and more cunning and unrelenting in execution than any other. We can no longer doubt the existence and growth of a spirit of anarchy in our midst. It seems to need no especial exciting cause to rouse it to deadly activity, but deliberately plans murder in high places—senseless and useless except to indulge its love for blood and its hatred of every agency of human government. Though of foreign parentage it has been permitted to pass our gates, and has been too long allowed to construe American freedom of speech and action as meaning unbridled and destructive license to disseminate the doctrines of hate and social disorder, and to teach assassination.

Our people in their grief and indignation are asking why this should continue; and they are inquiring whether their belief in free institutions compels them to tolerate the deadly infection of anarchy. They have been taught that nations, like individuals, possess inherently the right of self-defense. They see this right exercised by the exclusion from our country of diseased persons and of criminals and persons under contract to labor here to the detriment of our workingmen. They have seen substantially the entire Chinese race excluded from our shores upon grounds that seem almost trivial in comparison with the reasons that cry out against the admission of anarchists. It appears to them perfectly palpable that when the personal character and behavior of aliens seeking to mingle with our population may involve our peace and security, it would be only a wise safeguard to exact evidence of their previous decent life and orderly disposition as a condition of their reception.

Nor will these questioners be satisfied with mere relief from the future importation of the dangers of anarchy. They are asking if our popular Government would be subjected to monarchical taint if strong and effective remedies were applied to the suppression of the machinations of anarchists who have already a foothold among us. They see vagrants, common gamblers, suspected criminals and disorderly persons in the hands of the law for the harm they may do of a feeble kind and within narrow limits; and they cannot understand why anarchists, whose diabolical character and teachings are or ought to be well known, are allowed to plot and conspire until bloody assassination strikes down the embodiment of beneficent rule and shakes the foundations of lawful authority. Our people love liberty and are devoted to every guaranty of freedom to which their Government is pledged. In dealing with anarchy, however, they impatiently chafe under the restraint which bids them to wait for the tragedy it prepares, and to content themselves with visiting retribution upon its worthless and miserable tools. If to suppress and punish those who directly or by suggestion incite assassination savors of monarchy, they are prepared to take the departure.

A serious and thorough consideration of the peril which has so shockingly broken in upon the peace of our national life would be incomplete in its lesson and warning if it failed to lead to an honest self-examination and a frank inquiry whether there are not causes other than anarchistic teachings, and perhaps near our own doors, whose tendency, to say the least, is in the wrong direction. Have not some of our public journals, under the guise of wholesome criticism of official conduct, descended to such mendacious and scandalous personal abuse as might well suggest hatred of those holding public place? Has not the ridicule of the coarse and indecent cartoon indicated to those of low instincts that no respect is due to official station? Have not lying accusations on the stump and even in the halls of Congress, charging executive dishonesty, given a hint to those of warped judgment and weak intellect that the President is an enemy to the well-being of the people?

Many good men who are tearful now, and who sincerely mourn the cruel murder of a kindly, faithful and honest President, have perhaps from partisan feeling or through heedless disregard of responsibility supported and encouraged such things. They may recall it now and realize the fact that the agents of assassination are incited to their work by suggestion, and this suggestion need not necessarily be confined to the dark councils of anarchy.

Not the least among the safeguards against Presidential peril is that which would follow a revival of genuine American love for fairness, decency and unsensational truth.

Benjamin Harrison and the Clerk

THE late President Harrison was a profound student of the Bible. He was, too, an earnest member of the Presbyterian Church and an active Sunday-school worker.

Among the attendants at his Sunday-school was a young man who was employed as a clerk in an Indianapolis store. This was in 1881, during the session of the Legislature in which General Harrison was a candidate for the United States Senate. On account of the uncertain complexion of the Senate at that time, the Indiana contest was one of national interest; the days and nights were occupied with planning and campaigning, and every moment of General Harrison's time was demanded by his supporters. Inquiries for him were constant. He left one conference only to be drawn into another.

One Sunday, at the conclusion of the regular service, a member of Mr. Harrison's church approached the young clerk and invited him to join the church membership. The young man replied that he could not formally affiliate himself with any church because, though he believed the Scriptures in a general way, he was still perplexed on a number of points. In that condition of mind he could not conscientiously join a church. This conversation was overheard by General Harrison.

The General quietly ascertained where the young man lived, and on the next evening called at his boarding-house. The landlady, who recognized him, was surprised and awed, and replied, to an inquiry if the young man were at home, that he was. She invited the General into the parlor; but he said that he would rather meet the young man in his own room.

He was conducted to a small rear room on the upper floor, and when the young man opened the door in answer to the landlady's knock and saw General Harrison, he said, as he was wont afterward to express it, that he might have been knocked down by a feather.

Though he had long admired Mr. Harrison at a distance and had become accustomed to seeing him at church, he had never spoken to him, and had not imagined that the General was even aware of his existence.

Mr. Harrison sat down, and with an unwontedly cordial manner at once set the young man at his ease. He told him that he had overheard, on the previous day, his expression of doubts regarding the Scriptures, and said:

"Now, I am a much older man than you. I have for years been a student of the Bible, and perhaps I may be able to throw some light upon the points which you do not understand. I hope, too, that you will not look upon my visit as an intrusion."

Having inquired as to what points were doubtful, General Harrison proceeded to invest them with a clear and definite meaning, and then entered upon an elaborate and masterful exposition of the basic truths of the Scriptures.

At length the talk drew to a close, and Mr. Harrison looked at his watch.

"Why, how late it is!" he said.

It was two o'clock in the morning and he had talked with the young man for seven hours.

Thus at a time when his political future was in the balance, and when political workers were constantly looking for him, he spent hours in sowing the spiritual seed in a field accidentally pointed out.

There is no doubt as to the general coldness of Mr. Harrison's manner and ways; but those who knew him best learned that beneath that cold exterior there was a heart that was warm for humanity.

The Weaver—By Richard Henry Stoddard

I.
BACK and forth in his room,
Like the shuttle in his loom,
Weaving a shroud he went;
"My thread is nearly spent,
And life is so fugitive
I shall forget to live."
II.
BEFORE the loom was still,
Or woven the winding-sheet,
Sped by the thread of his will,
The weaver with silent feet
Stole like a vision by
Forgetting in death to die.

The New Weapon for Fighting Off Disease

By Joseph McFarland, M.D.

Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology in the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia; Pathologist to the Philadelphia Hospital

Filling bulbs with antitoxin

Incubator room

IN THIS world of infinite complexities it is the common fate of all beings continually to come into relation with objects and conditions of danger and destruction. It is the ability to combat such conditions that enables us to survive; for during the entire period of our lives we are, consciously or unconsciously, defending ourselves against them. Our foes are visible and invisible, large and small. Their size, however, has nothing to do with their prowess, and the enemies whose powerful hosts most successfully war against us are the infinitesimally small bacteria, or microbes, which are responsible for the infectious diseases. Some species of bacteria we habitually carry about with us, and from them we can never escape; but fortunately they do us comparatively little harm. Others we encounter unexpectedly lying in ambush, ready to feast upon our flesh and juices, rending and tearing, transforming our beautiful organs into masses of foulness, and leaving us wounded, weakened, overcome —yes, even dead.

Immunity, or the Ability to Resist Disease

The ability to resist the activity of disease-producing bacteria is called immunity. It may be the inherited peculiarity of a species or a whole group of animals, or it may be the acquired or cultivated peculiarity of some single individual. Many phases of immunity are well known. Thus, men are subject to smallpox, but horses and dogs are not; men and cows are subject to tuberculosis, or consumption, but horses and dogs usually resist it. Children usually fall victims to measles, chicken-pox and other diseases of childhood when exposed to any of them, but after having once passed through an attack do not "take" them again — that is, they become immune to them. After vaccination we become immune to smallpox. It is evident that the horse and dog successfully combat the germs which produce smallpox in man; dogs, especially, frequently coming into contact with men suffering from the disease; and that the human beings who have once lived through an attack of an infectious disease, or have been vaccinated, have acquired the resisting ability. How the immunity is acquired, what change takes place in the body enabling it to defend itself, is still mere speculation.

The phenomena of acquired immunity are by no means limited to the bacterial or infectious diseases, but extend to a great variety of related conditions. When we carefully inquire how bacteria cause disease we find that these little vegetable cells have a power, frequently seen in higher vegetable and many animal cells, of generating poisonous compounds as they grow. The entrance of such poisons into the circulating blood enables them to act upon its vital centres.

It is familiar to every reader that the cells of the tobacco plant produce nicotine, as those of the nux vomica plant produce strychnine; and that the cells of certain glands of serpents, scorpions, centipedes and wasps produce venom, all of these substances being powerful poisons. There are animals more or less immune to all of these poisons. The tobacco worm spends its entire life from egg to chrysalis industriously eating the poisonous plant, yet experiences no ill effect. The hedgehog and mongoose are unaffected by the bites of the ordinary venomous snakes with which they come in contact. Human beings also can, with care, accustom themselves to certain poisons so as to become comparatively immune to them. The smoker enjoys the flavor and aroma of the good cigar he smokes, but a novice is made very ill by following his example.

Morphia profoundly poisons when taken in large doses, but the habitual opium eater or "morphia fiend" can take many times as much with very pleasurable effects. The Chinese opium-smokers may become so habituated to the drug that as many as one hundred pipes may be required to produce sleep, though a novice is lulled to slumber by a single pipe, and may even be thrown into profound stupor by it.

How Artificial Immunity May be Acquired

Immunity may be produced experimentally by the use of poisons of various kinds, and though this does not explain the phenomena — for it does not tell how the immunity develops — it teaches us that the organism defends itself against disease-producing bacteria chiefly by enabling us to endure their poisons.

Experience seems to show that though it is difficult for a man or one of the higher animals to become immune to large quantities of those poisons which he would accidentally encounter, it is comparatively easy to secure tolerance to immense doses of the bacterial poisons which he is likely to encounter. It is very difficult to immunize animals to large doses of strychnia, belladonna or nicotine, but quite easy to immunize them to the bacterial poisons of diphtheria and tetanus (lockjaw).

In the course of the process of graduai progressive administration called immunization, it is possible to administer to a horse, by hypodermic injection, gradually increasing doses of diphtheria poison until he is able to endure several hundred times as much as would at first have killed him. There is, however, a limit to the endurance of the horse, or to that of any other animal used for the experiment. The increase cannot go on indefinitely, for there is a point at which it will prove fatal. In experimental immunization, the point desired is that at which the animal receives the greatest doses of poison compatible with continued good health. It is when this stage is reached that the blood shows a change, not in appearance but in chemistry, developing a phenomenal substance called antitoxin.

Two Japanese scientists, Ogaba and Jashuhara, observed that when some blood from an immune animal was injected into a normal animal it conferred immunity upon it. All these observations were, however, scientific curiosities until in 1891-1893, when Behring, a German, gathered them all together and formulated the new method of treating infectious diseases known as the "blood-serum therapy." The original experiments of Behring were made upon diphtheria; later he and Wernicke, and Kitasato, another Japanese, investigated tetanus, or lockjaw, applying the same principles to its treatment.

The Preparation of Diphtheria Antitoxin

At the present time the experiments made have led to the discovery of one certainly curative serum — diphtheria antitoxin; a curative serum of limited application — antivenine (antidotal to serpents' venom); a certainly preventive serum —tetanus antitoxin — and a number of very doubtful serums antidotal to blood-poisoning, pneumonia and plague. As the preparation and employment of all are upon the same general plan, a brief outline of the method may be interesting.

The first step in the process is the selection of a diphtheria germ that is capable of forming very strong toxin or poison. Though diphtheria germs occur in and can readily be obtained from the throat of any one suffering from diphtheria, it is also true that not many of these germs are vitally so energetic as to form strong toxin when artificially cultivated. The bacillus — the germ — is removed from the throat by means of a small swab of cotton on the end of a wire and is "planted" upon coagulated blood-serum in a test tube. Here it readily grows and multiplies, producing in twenty-four hours a fairly characteristic cream-colored smear upon the surface of the serum — a culture. In this way it is easily possible to obtain the diphtheria bacilli "pure" — that is, unmixed with other germs that grow in the throat.

The bacilli are then made to grow in some fluid in which the poison resulting from their activity may diffuse itself. It takes a week or more before the maximum amount of the poison is present. It is then necessary to kill the bacilli in the fluid by the addition of a germicidal substance such as carbolic acid, trikresol or formaldehyde, and then inject it into some small susceptible animal.

The second step is the selection and immunization of the animal that is to furnish the serum. For purposes of scientific experimentation any animal may do, and mice, rats, guinea-pigs, rabbits, dogs, sheep, goats, asses, mules, cattle and horses have been employed. If, however, the immunized animal is to furnish serum that is to be put to practical use it is evident that the larger the animal, and the greater the quantity of serum it can furnish, the better it will be. The horse is the animal that has been almost universally adopted for the commercial manufacture of immunized serums. It is a large animal, usually easily handled, easily observed, and above all, yielding a fluid which readily clots when drawn and subsequently separates a beautiful, clear, amber-colored serum. The horses chosen must always be carefully examined, as freedom from constitutional diseases of all kinds is essential.

After giving the animal the preliminary inspection, the immunization begins. At intervals as frequent as the horse's health will permit he is given doses of the diphtheria toxin. The poison is injected beneath the skin, into the loose cellular tissue, in doses which must be very small at first, but which are increased each time. The treatment continues for three or four months, the antitoxin usually beginning to appear about the sixth week, and increasing in amount as the doses are increased in size.

The third step has to do with the serum or antitoxin itself. From time to time during the treatment small amounts of blood are removed from the horse through a hollow needle, cautiously introduced into the jugular vein. This blood is carefully tested upon animals to see whether it exerts any antidotal influence upon the toxin, and if so, how much.

Fortunately for us, the test is almost as accurate as a chemical reaction, and so much time has been devoted to its perfection that it is possible to tell exactly what virtue a serum possesses. The strength is expressed in what Behring and Ehrlich have called units, and upon every package of antitoxin sold the number of units is accurately expressed. It really makes very little matter how many units are contained in a given quantity of the serum; all that is essential is that the patient shall receive a sufficient number of units.

When the examination of the samples of blood withdrawn shows that the blood of the horse contains a sufficient number of units to make it useful, the horse is bled. This is a simple process and is always done in the most humane manner possible. The horse suffers no pain after the momentary tingle caused by the needle as it punctures the skin. After one or two bleedings, the animal usually learns what he may expect, and shows almost no sign of fear or pain. Care is always taken to make sure that the bleeding does not injure the horse. Depending upon the size of the animal, from five to ten quarts may be taken, after which he is given a bucket of water and a measure of oats, and is soon happy again.

The blood that has been withdrawn is permitted to coagulate or clot, and is then put away in a refrigerator for a few days. During this time the clot retracts and clear amber fluid — the serum — escapes from it. This serum contains the antitoxin.

The Wonderful Results Obtained

It is possible to handle the blood and the separated serum with such care that it does not become contaminated by germs of life from the air, bottles, etc., but with the exception of a few laboratories in which the French technic is followed experimenters prefer to add some antiseptic to it so that all danger of its spoiling may be prevented.

The antitoxic serums are always administered by hypodermic injection. It is absolutely necessary that the remedy be introduced into the circulation direct, for it is digested in the stomach and produces no effects when given by the mouth. Diphtheria antitoxin effects the cure of diphtheria through its antidotal action upon the specific poison of the disease. It has no destructive action upon the diphtheria germs, which remain alive in the throat of the patient for a long time after recovery, though they are no longer able to cause disease. They may, however, cause disease in some other throat into which they accidentally enter, hence a convalescent from diphtheria should always remain isolated until a bacteriological examination of the throat shows that the danger of infection is past.

Concerning the results which have been achieved by serum therapy one can speak with certainty. It is almost safe to assert that, could every case of diphtheria be recognized and treated *at once*, there would be no more deaths from the dread disease. Unfortunately ignorance and prejudice will probably always operate to upset such a program. Cases are held under suspicion several days before they are positively identified, and treatment is begun too late, or not enough serum is administered, or the dose is not repeated as often as may be necessary, and lives are lost in consequence.

The statistics of the world now prove that diphtheria antitoxin is the only scientific treatment for the disease. We find on every hand that in hospitals for infectious diseases where ten years ago the death rate from diphtheria was thirty and forty per cent., under the systematic use of antitoxin it has been reduced to twenty, fifteen, ten, and even in some places five per cent. Probably there is no other medicinal preparation of which it can be said so emphatically that it has *saved lives*. There certainly is no other medicine of which it can be said that, if it could be used at once in every case, no patient would die.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

From John Graham, en route to Texas, to Pierrepont Graham, care of Graham & Co., Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

Elder Hoover was accounted a powerful exhorter in our parts

Private Car Parnassus, August 15, 189—

Dear Pierrepont: Perhaps it's just as well that I had to hurry last night to make my train, and so had no time to tell you some things that are laying mighty heavy on my mind this morning.

Jim Donnelly, of the Donnelly Provision Company, came into the office in the afternoon with a fool grin on his fat face to tell me that while he appreciated a note which he had just received in one of the firm's envelopes, beginning "Dearest," and containing an invitation to the theatre to-morrow night, it didn't seem to have any real bearing on his claim for shortage on the last carload of sweet pickled hams he had bought from us.

Of course, I sent for Milligan and went for him pretty rough for having a mailing clerk so no-account as to be writing personal letters in office hours, and such a blunderer as to mix them up with the firm's correspondence. Milligan just stood there like a dumb Irishman and let me get through and go back and cuss him out all over again, with some trimmings that I had forgotten the first time, before he told me that you were the fellow who had made the bull. Naturally, I felt pretty foolish, and, while I tried to pass it off with something about your still being green and raw, the ice was mighty thin, and you had the old man running tiddledies.

It didn't make me feel any sweeter about the matter to hear that when Milligan went for you, and asked what you supposed Donnelly would think of that sort of business, you told him to "consider the feelings of the girl who got our brutal refusal to allow a claim for a few hundredweight of hams."

I haven't any special objection to your writing to girls and telling them that they are the real sugar-cured article, for, after all, if you overdo it, it's your breach-of-promise suit, but you must write before eight or after six. I have bought the stretch between those hours. Your time is money—my money—and when you take half an hour of it for your own purposes, that is just a petty form of petty larceny.

Jim Donnelly, of the Donnelly Provision Co.

Milligan tells me that you are quick to learn, and that you can do a powerful lot of work when you've a mind to; but he adds that it's mighty seldom your mind takes that particular turn. Your attention may be on the letters you are addressing, or you may be in a comatose condition mentally; he never quite knows until the returns come from the dead-letter office.

A man can't have his head pumped out like a vacuum pan, or stuffed full of odds and ends like a bologna sausage, and do his work right. It doesn't make any difference how mean and trifling the thing he's doing may seem, that's the big thing and the only thing for him just then. Business is like oil—it won't mix with anything but business.

You can resolve everything in the world, even a great fortune, into atoms. And the fundamental principles which govern the handling of postage stamps and of millions are exactly the same. They are the common law of business, and the whole practice of commerce is founded on them. They are so simple that a fool can't learn them; so hard that a lazy man won't.

Boys are constantly writing me for advice on how to succeed, and when I send them my receipt they say that I am dealing out commonplace generalities. Of course I am, but that's what the receipt calls for, and if a boy will take these commonplace generalities and knead them into his job, the mixture'll be cake.

Once a fellow's got the primary business virtues cemented into his character, he's safe to build on. But when a clerk crawls into the office in the morning like a sick setter pup, and leaps from his stool at night with the spring of a tiger, I'm a little afraid that if I sent him off to take charge of a branch house he wouldn't always be around when customers were. He's the sort of a chap who would hold back the sun an hour every morning and have it gain two every afternoon if the Lord would give him the same discretionary powers that He gave Joshua. And I have noticed that he's the fellow who invariably takes a timekeeper as an insult. He's pretty numerous in business offices; in fact, if the glance of the human eye could affect a clockface in the same way that a man's country cousins affect their city welcome, I should have to buy a new timepiece for the office every morning.

I remember when I was a boy we used to have a pretty lively camp-meeting every summer, and Elder Hoover, who was accounted a powerful exhorter in our parts, would wrestle with the sinners and the backsliders. There was one old chap in the town—Bill Budlong—who took a heap of pride in being the simon pure cuss. Bill was always the last man to come up to the mourners' bench at the camp-meeting and the first one to backslide when it was over. Used to brag around about what a hold Satan had on him and how his sin was the original brand, direct from Adam, put up in cans to keep, and the can-opener lost. Doc Hoover would get the whole town safe in the fold and then have to hold extra meetings for a couple of days to snake in that miserable Bill; but, in the end, he always got religion and got it hard. For a month or two afterward he'd make the chills run down the backs of us children in prayer-meeting, telling how he had probably been the triflingest and orneriest man alive before he was converted. Then, along toward hog-killing time, he'd backslide, and go around bragging that he was standing so close to the mouth of the pit that his whiskers smelt of brimstone.

He kept this up for about ten years, getting vainer and vainer of his staying qualities, until one summer, when the Elder had rounded up all the likeliest sinners in the bunch, he announced that the meetings were over for that year.

You never saw a sicker-looking man than Bill when he heard that there wasn't going to be any extra session for him. He got up and said he reckoned another meeting would fetch him; that he sort of felt the clutch of old Satan loosening; but Doc Hoover was firm. Then Bill begged to have a special deacon told off to wrestle with him, but Doc wouldn't listen to that. Said he'd been wasting time enough on him for ten years to save a county, and he had just about made up his mind to let him try his luck by himself; that what he really needed more than religion was common-sense and a conviction that time in this world was too valuable to be frittered away. If he'd get that in his head he didn't think he'd be so apt to trifle with eternity; and if he didn't get it, religion wouldn't be of any special use to him.

A big merchant finds himself in Doc Hoover's fix pretty often. There are too many likely young sinners in his office to make it worth while to bother long with the Bills. Very few men are worth wasting time on beyond a certain point, and that point is soon reached with a fellow who doesn't show any signs of wanting to help. Naturally, a green man always comes to a house in a pretty subordinate position, and it isn't possible to make so much noise with a firecracker as with a cannon. But you can tell a good deal by what there is left of the boy when you come to inventory him on the fifth of July whether he'll be safe to trust with a cannon next year.

It isn't the little extra money that you may make for the house by learning the fundamental business virtues that counts so much as it is the effect that it has on your character and that of those about you, and especially on the judgment of the old man when he's casting around for the fellow to fill the vacancy just ahead of you. He's pretty apt to pick some one who keeps separate ledger accounts for work and for fun, who gives the house sixteen ounces to the pound, and, on general principles, to pass by the one who is late at the end where he ought to be early, and early at the end where he ought to be late.

Said . . . he sort of felt the clutch of old Satan loosening

I simply mention these things in passing, but, frankly, I am afraid that you have a streak of the Bill in you; and you can't be a good clerk, let alone a partner, until you get it out. I try not to be narrow when I'm weighing up a young fellow, and to allow for soakage and leakage, and then to throw in a little for good feeling; but I don't trade with a man whom I find deliberately marking up the weights on me.

This is a fine country we're running through, but it's a pity that it doesn't raise more hogs. It seems to take a farmer a long time to learn that the best way to sell his corn is on the hoof.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.

P. S. I just had to allow Donnelly his claim on those hams, though I was dead sure our weights were right, and it cost the house sixty dollars. But your fool letter took all the snap out of our argument. I get hot every time I think of it.

D. and G.

"Consider the feelings of the girl who got our brutal refusal to allow a claim for a few hundredweight of hams"

Where Chickens Come High

MR. JARED G. SMITH, who has been placed in charge of the new agricultural experiment station in Hawaii, reports that an effort is being made to find varieties of oranges and lemons specially adapted to that climate which will ripen before the corresponding California fruits are ready, so as to supply an earlier market. All of the oranges and lemons at present used in the archipelago are imported from California, the former retailing at five cents apiece.

Another difficulty in the islands is with the chickens. A troublesome disease makes it almost impossible to raise them. Many unsuccessful attempts on a large scale have been made, but, owing to the cause mentioned, prices for poultry are absurdly high. Mr. Smith states that a lot of live fowls from California were sold recently at auction for $1.85 each, and that eggs commonly retail at sixty cents a dozen. A suitable poultry feed is another problem, as rice is the only grain now obtainable for that purpose.

The station, which occupies a tract of land on the island of Oahu, is likely to be useful in helping several minor agricultural industries now being started, one of which is the manufacture of banana flour.

The land occupied by the station extends from the "Punch-bowl," in the suburbs of Honolulu, along the east slope of a volcanic ridge, rising from one hundred feet above sea-level to nearly fourteen hundred feet in a distance of two miles. Thus it affords opportunities for growing many kinds of crops.

The Fire-Fighters—By Herbert E. Hamblen

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RING OUT THE OLD; RING IN THE NEW

ONE day a fire started in a large piano factory, and when we arrived it already had spread to the adjoining buildings, and crossed the street. For some reason, never satisfactorily explained, the City Hall bellringer failed to see the fire, though it was in his district; consequently most of the engines started in the wrong direction.

Patsy got one of our pipes on the roof and played into a seething sea of fire, while Gabe Harrison had the other at the door of the same building. The streams had no more effect than so much air. The district was full of factories and large wholesale business houses, and we saw at a glance that a big fire was on. Surrounding roofs soon were alive with pipe-men, and the streets were filled with engines. Within an hour the chief ordered all streams withdrawn from the fire, and turned on surrounding buildings. A moment later the spirits and varnishes in the cellar of the piano factory exploded with an earth-shaking roar. The whole interior soared skyward a hundred feet, while the walls cracked and toppled dangerously. Flaming brands were scattered far and wide, and down came a shower of beams, planks, stone sills and lintels. For a wonder no one was reported killed by this shower of débris, though many were injured.

Following the shower of brands, the whole city blazed up like a straw pile. The machines were now in the heart of the fire, and to get them out was a problem. It was a big contract to get men and hose down from roofs and out of alleyways; but this was no time to abandon apparatus. Engines had to be dragged through streets that were choked with wreckage and filled with stifling smoke and flame—and it had to be done quickly.

We got our engine out and were placed within half a block of Fifty-one. We had just got nicely to work when from a wholesale drug-house, directly in front of Fifty-one, and in which there had been no sign of fire, a jet of black smoke burst through the front wall right over the men's heads. It was accompanied by a dull roar, like an explosion deep down in the earth.

Assistant Engineer Atkins and three of Fifty-one's crew were knocked down by flying bricks and died where they fell. A dozen discharges followed in rapid succession, each heavier than the preceding, while dazzling red, yellow and green flames poured from all parts of the building. It was impossible to remain; the men abandoned the engine and fled past us for their lives. The air was full of flying wreckage and that horrible, many-colored flame.

I ordered my men to 'vast playing and get the engine out. We had no time to uncouple, but chopped her loose and barely got her out in the nick of time. I looked back, and the place where she had stood was filled with that all-devouring chemical fire. The houses in the immediate neighborhood were destroyed by the explosion, and doors and windows were blown in a quarter of a mile away; yet in this raging inferno firemen worked, bleeding, blistered, gasping, but apparently knowing no fear.

This second shower of fire—unquenchable from its nature—was worse than the first. In less than half an hour it was estimated that one hundred and twenty buildings were in flames. Fifty-one's crew covered their heads with their coats and made a heroic attempt to get their engine out, but it was no use; the drag-ropes were burned off and she was half buried in flaming débris—she was a total loss.

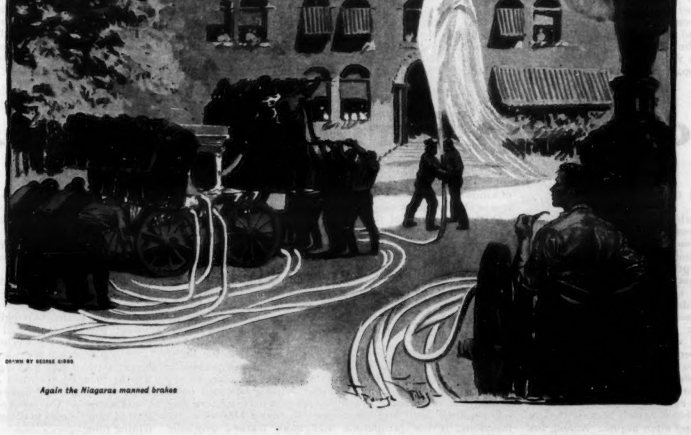
The city appeared to be doomed; human agency was futile. Prostrate firemen lay gasping everywhere. Citizens fleeing for their lives were pressed into service by the police and forced to slave at the brakes. Many lost their lives in this, "the big fire" par excellence. Some were never seen afterward, though how they perished was not known. Assistant Engineer Atkins and thirteen firemen were killed outright, and but few escaped injury.

Before night engines began to arrive on railroad trains and tug-boats, or in tow of horses, and some from near-by towns were hauled by their own crews. All night the fire raged with unabated fury in spite of the outside help. Next morning the Mayor asked Washington for aid to save the city. A corps of sappers and miners was sent on, who began at once to blow up buildings ahead of the fire. It was slow, but effective. It was terribly risky handling powder in that furnace, and it took lots of it; but it was an immense improvement over the feeble hooks of the firemen. When we saw that the fire could not follow the miners, our drooping spirits revived and we worked with renewed energy.

It was ten days before the fire was officially declared to be out. The property loss at this, the most disastrous fire that ever visited our city, and which can never be duplicated now that we have a modern department, was more than twenty million dollars.

Among the visiting engines was a steamer from Philadelphia. She was the first we had seen and we regarded her with extreme disfavor, for we saw with prophetic vision that if she made a good showing it would sound the death-knell of our cherished organization. It was proposed to refuse her water; but this was no time for anything like that, so she was supplied. It took half an hour to get her to work, and she broke down three times in the first four hours; but after that she worked as steadily as the City Hall clock, threw an inch bigger stream than any of us, and threw it just as far. When fairly at work, she did more execution than three hand engines; and while twenty or thirty men were tearing themselves to pieces on each of the hand engines, her engineer sat on the edge of his coal box, smoking his pipe—I noticed that.

The steam engine at the fire was an object lesson not to be disregarded. Steam, the invincible iconoclast of the century, had touched the department with its potent finger and the department was doomed. Engine 51 was replaced by a steamer, whose boiler blew up and killed the engineer the first time she went out—but they got another. The most rabid opposition to steamers pervaded the department; the principal reason for which was, that they would destroy that rivalry which constituted the principal charm of fire duty. Who could brag and lie and fight for an engine whose performance was due to the exertions of one man with a shovel—and he serving for pay?



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

Again the Niagaras manned brakes

We brought our political power to bear. The Common Council feared to purchase steamers, and we assessed ourselves to influence legislation in the Assembly. Patsy, who was serving his second term in that august body, was our champion there. His enthusiasm in behalf of the cause he dearly loved blazed forth in fervid oratory. He introduced a bill to forbid the use of steamers. Country members, undeterred by fear of the department's vengeance, and beguiled by emissaries of the insurance companies, killed it.

A firm in Cincinnati sent a steamer around the country as an advertisement; she challenged all comers and left a dismal trail of broken records in her wake. I got the Chief to send Niagara to the corporation yard, where I had her cylinders bored out all the metal would stand, and new plungers put in. She had always been the cock of the walk, and now, with three-eighths larger cylinders, she should be invincible. The Chief promised me that when the record-wrecker came to town Niagara should have the honor to represent the department; but I never said a word to the boys.

It was a lovely June day on which the historic trial came off. The City Hall park was in the greenest of summer attire, the elms waving like feathery plumes in the balmy air. The plaza was black with people, for it was known that the department was on trial for its life, and there was a warm corner in the hearts of the citizens for the gallant red shirts who had guarded their property so long and faithfully. Niagara came into the square stripped of all superfluous finery, like a gladiator entering the arena. The full company turned out, and they were a goodly sight: sixty straight-limbed, broad-chested, bright-eyed young fellows, every one as fit as a fiddle.

Each engine connected to a hydrant and stood by, with two hundred and fifty feet of hose coiled around her on the ground. It was arranged in this manner to enable the pipemen to face the City Hall, two hundred feet from the steps.

The Mayor and Common Council, accompanied by many ladies, occupied the portico under an awning, facing the pipemen. Niagara led off with a one and one-eighth-inch nozzle. It was a revelation, even to me, the lightninglike rapidity with which the boys worked those brakes—it was a poem in motion. A frightened flutter was observable among the ladies as the stream approached the steps, but there was no cause for alarm; it fell far short.

One hundred and ninety feet the Niagaras sent their stream, after forcing it through the two hundred and fifty foot coil—and with the big cylinders. But two seconds after the order to "'vast playing," every one of her men lay gasping on the ground.

The steamer played five minutes, and when the marker announced "One hundred and eighty-seven feet four inches," the yell that went up from that crowd would have repaid the Niagaras, even though they had crippled themselves.

The engineer of the steamer asked for a repetition of the test, saying his fire had not been sufficiently burned through to enable him to keep up steam. This had a fishy look, for the Niagaras were no longer fresh; but there wasn't a white feather in their make-up—they agreed at once.

This time the steamer led, playing right to the bottom step; two hundred feet. An audible sigh ran through the multitude, like the evening breeze among pines.

Again the Niagaras manned brakes. Steadily the stream forged ahead, gaining an inch, falling back one and gaining two, until it struck the bottom step, fair and square. Again the plaza rang with joyous yells, and the air was darkened with up-thrown hats. Stimulated by the applause the boys outdid themselves. The line of their heads and arms became an indistinguishable blur. The stream climbed the marble steps one at a time, until at last, with a final grand spurt, it struck fairly in the centre of the awning over the grandstand. The fragile wooden stanchions gave way and down came the water on the heads of our prominent citizens. The ladies screamed, unguarded remarks escaped the gentlemen, and the crowd hooted and yelled with delight.

Fine broadcloth and costly millinery were ruined, but a record of two hundred and thirty-two feet was established, which stands to this day.

The men let go the brakes and dropped in their tracks, completely exhausted. And this was the element of weakness that drove hand machines out of existence. Despite the brave hearts, human muscles could not compete with steam-driven steel—the steamer could have kept it up for a week!

The third test was vertical. The pipes were taken to the roof and aimed at the gilt eagle surmounting the dome. At the word the engines started together. The jets shot aloft, sparkling like molten silver in the summer sunshine, until they reached the eagle's level. There they curved gracefully and broke into a shower of glistening gems, falling in a rainbow-hued cascade over the dome and cornices.

For a minute a spirit level could not have decided in favor of either. The steamer had reached her limit. The rapidity of her exhaust proclaimed the high speed at which her machinery was running. Her ability was limited by the pressure-controlling weight on the safety-valve. She could maintain her stream at that height while her fuel lasted, but could send it no higher. Intuitively the crowd grasped the situation and cheered and howled for Niagara. There was no safety-valve on her. Indomitable human pluck was more than a match for insensate machinery. With the noisy approval ringing in their ears, the boys repeated their previous performance. Forced by the heart-beats of her devoted crew,

Editor's Note—This is the last of six stories, by Mr. Hamblen, describing the life, rivalry and adventures of the old-time volunteer firemen; each story being complete in itself.

Niagara's stream rose three feet above the eagle, arched over its back, and fell in a triumphant shower on its vainly persistent adversary below.

The boys maintained the advantage to the end of the test—barely a minute—but, as the Chief truly said, no sane person would claim that a gain of a few paltry feet in height could offset the difference in endurance.

The Niagaras received an ovation from the citizens, who permitted civic pride to blind them momentarily to their own interests; but all who saw the test knew that it pronounced the doom of hand machines. The war between the opposing forces waged relentlessly thereafter. Insurance companies presented steamers to hose companies, thereby causing dissensions. Chief Waldron's views became known, and it was openly charged that he was using his influence with the Common Council in the interest of steam-engine builders. A member of the Board of Assistant Engineers and Foremen told him plainly that, knowing that he could not be reëlected, he was feathering his nest.

Increased bitterness was added to the controversy by a proposition to abolish—after steamers should become universal—the present force, substituting therefor a paid department. This was intended to bring the fight to a head; it also was hoped that it would win over many of the opposition, as experienced firemen naturally would have the preference on the new force. It succeeded in both respects to a certain extent, though to the genuine "old vamp," who gloried in his voluntary service, the idea of putting out fires for pay, as he laid brick, or worked at any other trade, came in the nature of an insult. The pride and glory of the department would go when hired firemen came in—it was a species of sacrilege against which the old-timers cried out.

The lines were sharply drawn at the annual election. Through Patsy's efforts I became the candidate of the "fossils," as the advocates of hand engines were contemptuously called by their opponents. But the fossils were overwhelmingly in the majority and I was elected Chief without any trouble. During my first term many hand engines were superseded by steamers. Their superiority was so obvious that opposition to them became greatly moderated; the men could not help seeing how much killing work they saved, so, when the insurance companies presented a bill to the Legislature to have all hand machines replaced by steamers, it caused but a slight ripple.

But when it was learned that the bill contained a clause providing for a paid department, and for horses to haul the engines—practical disbandment—a howl went up. And when the firemen learned that they were being denounced in the Assembly as "rowdies" and "red-shirted ruffians," their rage overflowed. The newspapers were flooded with letters from righteously indignant firemen and their adherents. "Constant Reader," "Pro Bono Publico" and "Veritas" took the centre of the stage. The editors lined up with pens dipped in gall. Either "This rapidly increasing body of scalawags and rowdies who apparently aim to control, not only the city but the State Government as well," were flayed in double-leaded editorials, or, "These hirelings of the money power who have dared at last to meddle openly in municipal affairs," had their nefarious dealings laid open to the public gaze, according to the policy of the paper.

My position on the all-absorbing topic having been unmistakable, the Common Council created twenty-seven new companies at the expiration of my term, whereby they obtained a majority against me in the Board of Assistant Engineers and Foremen—the nominating body. The news leaked out, and two thousand firemen assembled in front of Firemen's Hall, shouting my name and demanding that I be nominated to succeed myself. I became the sole nominee, and, of course, was unanimously elected. I made the boys but one pledge: that I would never command a paid department.

A constant stream of money flowed from city engine-houses to the State capitol. Patsy Dolan covered himself with glory and enshrined his memory forever in the hearts of his grateful constituents as the champion of the popular cause. But our pennies were overwhelmed by the dollars of the insurance companies and the steam-engine builders, and Patsy, almost single-handed, went down before the glittering array of legal and political talent produced by the other side.

The day the bill went to its third reading a fire broke out in an old six-story building on Beach Street. The old thing was a mere tinder-box, and the street was extremely narrow, making the fire difficult to handle. There was no possibility of saving the building, so I ordered the water kept on adjoining houses and those across the street. A long ladder had been raised with much trouble, and though I had no idea there was any one in the burning house, I ordered it left as long as possible; for people frequently appear at windows or on roofs unexpectedly.

The rear wall and part of the roof fell, driving flames and smoke through the front windows as by a huge fan. I was about to order the ladder moved, when a woman appeared at a fifth-story window, screamed once, and fell, fainting, across the sill. Where in the world she came from was a mystery, but there she was. The front wall was badly cracked and seemed to waver as if about to fall. I ran lightly up the ladder, shielding my face from the intense heat as best I could, and pulled the woman out. She was quite dead: only blackened stumps of her lower limbs remaining. I heard a warning cry from the street and a falling brick hit my shoulder. The wall above me crumbled up like paper; it had broken off at the second story and was falling back into the fire. The ladder was falling so fast I couldn't jump, and more bricks showered upon me. I remember dreading a blow from a window sill or a beam. I gripped the ladder and the body of the woman, inhaled a mouthful of smoke, experienced a generally crushing sensation and lost consciousness.

My next sensation was of an all-pervading pain. My right leg, especially, tortured me. There was a perceptible breath of air in my face, and I was submerged to my chin in scalding water. I was pinned so fast I couldn't move a finger, but I heard men's voices, and sounds which assured me they were digging me out. The flow of air stopped and I suffocated with steam. I shouted so desperately that my ribs seemed to part from my breast-bone. The breeze returned, the voices came nearer, and I heard Patsy calling my name.

When the wall fell it had carried everything with it, practically smothering the fire. The ladder turned, bringing me underneath, and protecting me to a great extent from the débris that followed me down. Sam Joyce disconnected Niagara from the hydrant and the boys dragged the pipes into that roasting interior. They located me approximately by the ladder, and poked the nozzles about among the wreckage while the men pumped air. Not hearing from me, they kept shifting the nozzles about. A lucky shot revived me, and when they took it away I sang out: Eager hands soon dug me out, still clinging to the dead body of the woman. I was badly used up. My right leg was broken below the knee, and so twisted that my toes pointed backward. I was bruised all over and half parboiled. I must have fainted on being brought into the air, for the next thing I knew I was in bed at home. My broken leg had been set and I was bandaged from head to foot—just one great ache! I tried to get up, wondering how I came to be there and the fire not yet out. A gentle hand and soothing voice restrained me—it didn't require much.

Three days later my wife entered the room with the paper, her face wreathed in smiles.

"Good news, dear—good news!" she cried, rolling up the shade to admit the glorious morning sunshine.

I wondered what there could be in the paper of particular interest to us, and her next word enlightened me. "The Governor has signed the bill reorganizing the department, and it takes effect at once."

Although not altogether unexpected, it was something of a shock. The little woman saw it, and kissing me tenderly on the forehead—about the only spot unbandaged—said:

"You've done your share, Robert; let some one else try it a while. You've tempted Dame Fortune almost once too often—and I don't want to lose my hubby."

There was an ill-suppressed quaver in the latter part of that sentence that went to a spot deeper even than my love for the department—and, besides, I had promised the boys to go out with them. I dictated my resignation to wifey—to her intense delight—and touched the pen with my nose.

My fire-cap and trumpet—their battered surfaces grim reminders of our last fire—repose in honorable retirement above the parlor mantel. What memories cluster about them!

They recall the wild clangor of the night-alarm, the exciting run to the fire with every sense on the alert for the tricks of our rivals; the battle with the savage and pitiless element, and the proud march down Main Street on parade. But, best of all, they remind me of the lifelong friendship of brave and gallant men—men who were banded together for an unselfish and noble purpose. No truer hearts ever beat than those beneath the red shirts of the "Old Volunteer Fire Department."

Tales of Old Turley—By Max Adeler

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THE FOREIGN INVASION

IN A TOWN so small as Turley it was unavoidable that every citizen should have contact and acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men, in a manner that would have been unlikely if not quite impossible in a great city.

A word or a phrase not yet prepared is much needed to designate with precision the class-differences that appear in an American town under such circumstances. The differences of social station and of education are there, manifest and indisputable; but they cannot be fairly indicated if the humble and less learned folk are called the "common people," though there is good scriptural warrant for that phrase, because some of these people would regard the term as offensive, and the persons who ought not to be included in it would be shamefaced about seeming to convey an intimation that they feel themselves to be uncommon. It will not do to speak of the "upper classes," or the "superior classes," or the "more respectable classes," because the use of these terms also are unkind and often unjust. Among the "common people" of Turley, if that phrase may be used just once, were many men and women really superior in worth to some of those who claimed higher position; and there were persons of wealth in the town who were indisputably vulgar; and some persons without wealth, and in the narrowest circumstances, who possessed genuine refinement.

To speak of those in the humbler place as "plain people" may serve the purpose until the language is enriched by the invention of a more accurate designation; and yet if Turley society should be divided into classes, and one class should be said to include the "plain people," in what manner should the characteristic qualities of the other class be indicated?

Necessarily, in Turley, the people of all classes were compelled to know each other. They lived in the same neighborhoods, they passed upon the street, often many times a day. They worshipped and worked in the same churches.

Having such acquaintance and such contact, and such common interests, class-feeling and class-prejudice were much softened, if indeed they were not wholly imperceptible. Men and women in each class perceived in men and women of the other classes just about the same virtues, the same old human nature with its frailties and faults and lovableness, as they had themselves, and they found that the ancient law of kindness could work downward as well as upward, and that it was sure of quick response from either direction.

A close observer of the Turley folk declared that he was sure the poorer did not, as a rule, envy the richer very much. The poor man who worked hard and lived in a little house and had heavy anxiety about the day when he should be disabled, might feel sometimes that his life would be brighter if his toil were lighter and his mansion wider and his savings larger; but usually he found the wealthier man quick to lend a hand when trouble came to him, and he perceived that in the wide house, too, there were heavy burdens to be borne—burdens of sorrow and sickness, and sometimes the bitterness of death.

This close observer reached the conclusion that the humbler man with the calloused hand and grimed visage usually found his situation fairly tolerable if the other man would consent always to give him the best courtesy he could command. He could endure plain food, and a narrow house and a threadbare coat, and the neglect to invite him to social functions, if his prosperous and more learned neighbor would always treat him like a gentleman. Really, this did not seem much to ask; and the expectation was quite as creditable to the man who entertained it as disregard of so proper a wish would have been discreditable to the man who claimed to be a gentleman.

Down at the bottom of the humbler man's soul was a desire that his self-respect should have some tribute; and besides, he did have, whether he framed the thought in words or not, a perfectly warrantable conviction that his manhood had claims to recognition, whether upon the ground that all of us are God's creatures or upon the ground, more plainly apparent to the unspiritual mind, that a citizen with all the political rights that any man can have, has a title to respect from a citizen who stands in that particular upon an exactly equal footing with him.

If the close observer had taken the trouble to look a little more closely he might have found that, lurking in the minds of some of the humbler men, there was really a feeling of superiority to men of the other class. Clearly there was no looking up in reverence. But there was, in the first place, the sense of greater power, born of the fact that the humbler people, having a majority in all the political parties, absolutely controlled the government of the town; and out of this feeling developed a sort of conviction that the persons having control really should look after and take care of the people who had no power to protect themselves, who did not know practical politics, and who were wholly unable to manage the more turbulent elements of the population, especially where political affairs were concerned.

Anybody who had made a resolute effort to determine just where the dividing line ran between the upper and lower classes in Turley might have found it, perhaps, indicated by the speech of the people. The man who used precision in speaking and paid attention to the rules of syntax and avoided slang appeared to many of his humbler neighbors to draw the line for himself. He might be a thoroughly good fellow, but plainly enough he was disposed to differentiate himself from the bone and sinew of the people, and he might even be suspected of having a touch of pride.

At any rate, his accuracy appeared to reflect in a measure upon the plain man who was incorrect and careless in speech. To the man who always said "We ain't went" the other man, who said "We have not gone," seemed to be straining the language to the point of affectation; to be taking a good deal of trouble and making an unnecessary fuss about a very trifling thing.

The man who never rose above "I seen him when he done it" could not quite understand why another man should engage in the effort required to say "I saw him when he did it;" and indeed he regarded him with a slight feeling of scorn. It looked rather like an attempt to soar above the common dead-level, and to put the plain man in the wrong.

The plain man sometimes knew he was wrong when he said "I knowed;" but "I knowed," and "I seen him," and "I done it" were good enough for ordinary people; they had a familiar, friendly, good-fellowship air about them; they flavored of genuine republicanism, that puts equality in the first place and holds that one man is as good as another.

If one man is as good as another in political matters, why, then, one man's method of speech should be as good as another's; and rules of grammar, even if we know them, are not half so important as the duty of meeting the plain man upon his own ground, without attempting to show him that you know any more than he does.

It was an ingenious suggestion made by Mr. Brown, principal of the Public School, that, as the dividing line between the classes was indicated by correct and incorrect speech, the two sets of people might be called the Parsables and the Imparsables; but this notion had never been accepted in actual practice.

In Turley the politicians and the people did not look about them, in election time, for the wisest business men to conduct

Editor's Note—This is the third of six Tales of Old Turley, by the author of Out of the Hurly-Burly. Though a thread of continuity runs through all, each story is complete in itself.

the town's affairs in the local legislature; nor did they seek the citizens having the highest education and the widest information to direct the business of the public schools. The plain people had the majority in both parties, and the sure method of pleasing the majorities was to choose for the places men who knew no more and pretended to know no more than the average voter. Men of this kind were pleased to have the honor that came from holding office, and the voters were pleased to have men of their own sort in office, and, more than all, pleased to demonstrate year after year that they actually had control. Like most Americans, they felt certain that they could manage the governmental affairs as well as anybody could. A strange fate had excluded them from directing the mills and railroads and great shops; but they would prove by directing public business that this exclusion was not a reflection upon their capacity, but a mere freak of fortune.

It was enough to exclude any man from the Town Council, that he managed a large business of his own successfully; but if this rule might sometimes be broken when the treasury of the town got its affairs into a tangle, the practice was unvarying which refused to permit any man to go upon the School Board who could tell an adverb from an interjection, or who could "bound" Indiana when suddenly asked to do so.

Acquaintance with a dead language was regarded with particular distrust. The feeling was that there was, about such a language, something mysterious and sinister, and that the man who had the knowledge in his mind had come into touch with something foreign and un-American, and that, beneath such unpatriotic influences, he might at any moment drift off into hostility to the old flag and hatred of the eagle.

"When a language is dead, bury it, I say!" remarked the President of the School Board at the meeting at which the Principal had proposed to introduce the study of Latin into the schools.

The Board refused even to consider the matter.

"The American language," said Mr. Matlack, Chairman of the School Committee on Higher Education, "ought to be good enough for any man."

The Turley School Board was at all times an interesting object for contemplation by persons who desired to study the operation of the machinery devised by the State government for directing the business connected with the instruction of the young.

It was never more interesting than during the time of which this tale is told. Mr. Brown, the Principal, thought that one of the most enlivening meetings of the Board held in that period was that following his introduction of a plaster bust of Dante into the main schoolroom.

When the regular business of the meeting had been disposed of, Mr. Bunner remarked to the President that as the Principal of the Schools was present he should like to ask him a question or two respecting some matters that had attracted Mr. Bunner's attention.

The President invited the Principal to come forward, which he did, and when the Principal had expressed willingness to offer any explanations that might be desired, Mr. Bunner said:

"It is possibly not a thing of much importance, but I noticed that the Principal, or somebody, has placed the bust of an Indian, or at least it looked like an Indian, on the shelf in the main schoolroom. Has the Principal some notion of teaching the children about Indians?"

"That," said the Principal blandly, "is the bust of Dante, not of an Indian."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Bunner; "I thought it was the head of Tecumseh. It looks like him, anyhow."

"I notice," said the President, "that you call him Dan—te. I don't know much about him, but I always thought his name was Dant."

"Dant—*e*," replied the Principal; "with the *e* pronounced like *a*."

"Wrote poetry, or something, didn't he?" asked the President.

"He was an Italian poet; a very great man."

"A foreigner, hey!" said Mr. Matlack. Mr. Matlack was a member of the Know Nothing party, and he was haunted night and day by the conviction that the main purpose of the people of other lands was to undermine the foundations of the American Republic.

"Yes," said the Principal, "he was. You know at that time America was still——"

"Yes, I know," replied Mr. Matlack. "I know well enough; they push in everywhere. First a bust, and next one thing and then another thing. I'm opposed to it. I'd like to know who's behind this matter of putting the bust into the school."

"I take the responsibility," said the Principal. "I thought that, as he was a famous man and a great poet, we might have his likeness before the older children."

"That's the way it always begins," said Mr. Matlack, looking as if the Republic were already lost. "Give them an inch to begin with and they'll take an ell."

"I don't believe the taxpayers want the children taught poetry anyhow," said Mr. Bunner. "What they want is just a plain, practical education, unless I'm much mistaken. The children had a good deal better be learnin' figgers and spellin', than lookin' at Dant, in my opinion."

"While the Principal is here,' said Director Robinson, "I should like to ask what is this metric system that I find some of the children trying to learn?"

The Principal explained the metric system.

"Nothing to do with hymns, with long metre and short metre and hallelujah metres?" asked Director Robinson, who sang in the Baptist choir.

The Principal said it had not.

"Did I understand you to say," inquired Mr. Matlack, "that the system came from France?"

"Yes," responded the Principal.

"There's another queer move," said Mr. Matlack, with strong emphasis. "You start in with an Italian poet, Dant, and then you fetch along a French system with names nobody can understand, and after a while I reckon you'll be flying the British flag in the front yard and singing God Save the Queen. There's a good deal too much foreign influence. This country's good enough for me. I'm an American and this is an American school. I say fly the American flag and sing American songs, and have the American systems and shove the foreigners out. We can run our own business. Why don't you get a bust of General Washington?"

"That," said the Principal blandly, "is the bust of Dante, not of an Indian"

Director Ferguson asked if he might be permitted to interrogate the Principal, and having obtained permission he said:

"Don't you think we are going just a little too fast?"

"In what particular?" inquired the Principal.

"Well, in putting in this metric system, just at this time, for example."

"I think myself," interposed the President, "that the movement is somewhat premature."

"And then," continued Director Ferguson, "I found my boy last night rasslin' with algebra and nearly cryin' over it. I told him to drop it, and I'd have it dropped in the school if I run the school. I never knowed no algebra, and I'll be satisfied if my boy makes out as well as I did."

The Principal attempted briefly to indicate the nature and purposes of algebra.

"That's all very well, Mr. Brown," said Director Ferguson. "It's your business, of course, to care for such things, but we're a practical people, with no nonsense about us. Figgers is for figgerin', and letters is for letterin'. There's no use tryin' to figger with letters while there's plenty of figgers to figger with. Now, is there?"

"You see——" began the Principal.

"I don't care to argue about it," said Mr. Ferguson, interrupting him, "but the fact is you can't any more subtract 'a' from 'b,' like my boy was tryin' to do last night, than you can substract the dinner-bell from the poker. It ain't in the nature of things."

The Principal did not reply.

"My boy also says," continued Mr. Ferguson, "that his teacher won't allow him to say 'knowed.' Why not?"

"'Knowed?'" asked the Principal. "K-n-o-w-e-d?"

"Yes, 'knowed.' He says the teacher tried to make him say 'knew.'"

"Of course," said the Principal. "Know, knew. That's right; there is no such word as knowed."

"I guess there is," answered Director Ferguson, with a scornful laugh.

"I guess so, too," echoed Mr. Matlack, "and it's a good deal better to say 'knowed' than to be putting Dant up on the shelf and bringing the children's minds under European influences."

"'Knowed' is not good English," said the Principal.

"Maybe not," said Mr. Matlack, "but it's good American, and that's the best there is."

"You say 'mowed,'" asked Mr. Ferguson, "and 'rowed,' and 'show, showed,' and 'stow, stowed,' and 'glow, glowed,' don't you?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then; you say 'know, knowed,' and 'grow, growed,' and 'hoe, hoed.'"

And Director Ferguson tipped back his chair and looked around him like a man who had just won a great victory.

The Principal gazed at the ceiling.

"Now that we are on these subjects," said the President, "Mr. Brown will pardon me if I bring up another little matter. I don't want to push you too hard, but——"

"Oh, go ahead! It's all right," said the Principal.

"I've had complaints from some parents," said the President, "about this mythology that's been put into the course of studies."

"What did they complain of?" asked the Principal.

"Well, John Folker said to me that he understood that the whole thing is a pack of lies. Is that so?"

"Well, of course, it's not exactly true," responded the Principal. "It represents the beliefs of some ancient peoples respecting——"

"It's all false, then?" asked Director Ferguson.

"I suppose you might say that, but——"

"No 'buts' about it, Mr. Brown. If it's false it's false. Why should we teach children false things when there is so much truth that they ought to know?"

"The characters of mythology," said the Principal, "run through all literature, ancient and modern. They are referred to everywhere, so that we can hardly understand the most frequent references, in poetry for example, unless we know these characters."

"That's what I say: drop poetry," remarked Mr. Bunner.

"Mythology," said the Principal, "represents the religion of the old Greeks, and it has a historical interest apart from its other interests."

"Came from Greece, did you say?" asked Mr. Matlack.

"Yes."

Mr. Matlack forced his hands violently down deep into his trousers pockets and scowled:

"Italian and French and Greek! The whole school just jammed full of foreign influences! The next thing you know we'll have Russia taking a hand, and Turkey. Greek religion, too, mind you! Dant to start with, and now Greek religion that owns up to being just barefaced lies! Blamed if those children'll know whether they're Americans or not when they've growed up."

The remarkable fact was that the Turley Public Schools were very good schools indeed, for the reason that the Principal was a competent man, and the teachers could not secure appointment unless they could pass examinations conducted by the County Superintendent, also a competent man, who directed and largely controlled the line of study that was pursued.

Fortunately for the youth of Turley the functions of the Board were rather closely confined to management of the financial business of the schools, and fairness requires the admission that this was very well done.

A Most Lamentable Comedy

By William Allen White

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PART III

THE letter from the bereaved mother was answered by "Form No. 18," unknown to Gregg. He forgot the mother's complaint until one night a week later, when he promised himself to take the matter up after election.

By reason of her social position Mrs. Baring heard much about Gregg's administration that in the nature of things could not come to the Governor nor to McCord. After the State found that the Gregg revolution was not forthcoming, that capital was not to be declared contraband by proclamation, the more radical revolutionists began to sneer, while those whom Gregg called the plutocrats jeered at him and his work. After Gregg was nominated for a second term the attitude of the people, as Mrs. Baring perceived it, began to worry her, and as the time for the second election drew near she felt a vague doubt of Gregg's success. She held Gregg's creed in contempt, yet she was bitten by a hungry ambition to see Gregg win, in spite of his creed—even if he won by spreading it. She could not talk to Gregg of her fear of the outcome of the election. She did not care to show her interest to McCord. But there was Turner. One night, when Gregg and McCord were out of town campaigning, Turner came alone to the Saturday evening dinner at Mrs. Baring's. At the end of the meal Mrs. Baring had Turner stuttering:

"The d-difference between the head of th-this administration and its s-several b-branches is f-fundamental. Dan Gregg has his head in the c-clouds, and the others have their f-feet in the trough."

"Are they making much?" laughed Mrs. Baring.

"W-well," replied Turner reflectively, "I s-suppose they are. I know one m-man who p-paid a director of the p-penitentiary as much as f-four dollars and s-seventy-five cents for a c-concession worth a thousand d-dollars, and the b-blamed d-director thought he was m-making a big thing."

"Why don't you tell the Governor all this, Dick?" asked Mrs. Baring, after a moment's pause.

Turner tapped his coffee cup with his spoon in meditation. "Gregg is a m-man of d-destiny. W-what in th-thunder do you s-suppose he knows about p-pigs in c-clover? If I should t-tell him they were s-serving pork affected with t-t-trichinæ and c-condemned by the g-government to the children of the b-blind asylum he'd s-s-s-say he was s-sorry and ask me to write a letter and s-stop it, and then he'd forget all about it, while he read a new l-life of Lincoln or p-put a fresh t-twist in the tail of the British l-lion. A m-man of d-destiny has more business than a b-bird pup."

"Why don't you try your own hand? Go in and make a record," suggested his hostess.

"Y-yes, l-like the old woman that k-kept tavern in Indiana," replied Turner. "T-t-this administration should t-take out a ch-charter for the m-manufacture of whistles from p-pigs' tails. If you were general superintendent of a railroad, how would you go at it to get a train started if every m-man, from g-general superintendent to w-wiper in the r-roundhouse, held his j-job because he could t-talk on the m-money question, or was old p-persimmons on the tariff?"

As they entered Mrs. Baring's library Turner resumed his discourse: "Th-that fellow McCord is p-pretty s-smart. He's p-practical, all right. But the r-rest are either engaged in p-petty larceny or are busy c-counting their toes so's they'll know how m-many they've g-got."

It is hardly fair to say that there was a bad odor about the Gregg administration. Yet a man with a keen nose for scandal—such a nose as McCord had—was always sniffing intangible things in the air. The way a well-known lottery man spoke to the Attorney-General's clerk on the street; the easy, impudent, swinging gait of the oleomargarine lobby walking into the meeting of the State Board of Charities; the mysterious disappearance of the carpets in unused legislative committee-rooms; the surprising increase in the number of lead-pencils and stamps consumed by State officers; the deficit in the Governor's contingent fund; the appearance of diamonds on the shirt-front of the Secretary of the Railroad Commission—these and a hundred similar signs of the times worried and harassed and embarrassed McCord. But he could find no substantial basis for the half-formed conjecture that things were out of joint with the administration. His poll of the State was annoying him also. He prodded into Gregg's private business affairs in casual conversation, and satisfied himself that if irregularities in the State administration existed, the Governor had no conscious part in them. For Gregg spent most of his time speech-making and otherwise promoting what he called the Cause. Shortly before election, when McCord was straining every nerve to get money into the State Committee's treasury, and just before the final October poll of the State reached him, William Thomas told McCord that a certain packing-house could be made to contribute a thousand dollars. Thomas offered to negotiate the business preliminary to the contribution. In an hour's confidential talk with Thomas, McCord found that the packing-house was furnishing meat to all the State institutions, and in consequence that there was what Thomas called "velvet" in it for a group of the State officers and several members of the purchasing committee of the State Board of Charities. The Treasurer's story was told so naïvely, and so utterly without consciousness of guilt, that McCord did not rebuke the narrator. When he had finished McCord's impulse was to lock the door and call a policeman. Instead he offered Thomas a cigar, looked out of the window, and said casually:

"Well, that's pretty good, but where does the Governor come in on the deal?" An irritated expression twitched Thomas' face as he knocked his pipe in his hand and answered:

"Oh—damn Gregg—a man who is running for President and saving the great plain people has his hands too full to bother with the main chance."

When Thomas left the room McCord sat motionless at his desk for half an hour, staring at the address on an old envelope lying before him. Gregg was out of town with campaign engagements for ten days. In those ten days McCord visited a dozen State institutions before he came back with a roll of papers in his little green leather bag. At his office he was confronted by his last poll of the State showing a discouraging condition of affairs for his party. He recognized that some strong move was necessary to save even a portion of the ticket. McCord was stumbling in a maze of irritated perplexity. The first day Gregg spent in town after McCord's session with Thomas, McCord started for the Governor's office carrying the little green leather bag.

As McCord passed his desk he picked up a paper in an unfamiliar manilla wrapper, addressed to him and marked personal. Shucking off the wrapper as he went down the corridor to the elevator McCord saw that the paper was the Fountain County Palladium, containing a marked article attacking Gregg viciously. McCord attached no importance to it. The editor of the Palladium had been promised the railroad commissionership by Gregg—told, in fact, in the bumptious mad first days of Gregg's official career that he was an ideal man for Railroad Commissioner, the very man among a thousand—and then was offered the fish wardenship after Gregg's appointments were made. McCord glanced through the article as he walked, but when he came to this paragraph he stood in his tracks and read and re-read:

> Nor is this the worst. No one has seen Dan Gregg with the wife of his youth since he was inaugurated. It is a matter of open and scandalous comment, in Hancock and Fountain and adjoining counties in the western part of the State, that he lets her live alone with her children at Pleasant Ridge in a little unpainted house surrounded by weeds and sunflowers. Dan Gregg has money to bedeck himself in red neckties and tailor-made clothes, but not one penny to improve the God-forsaken place his wife has to call home. He has time to gallivant around the country, making bombastic speeches for his own glory, but he has not found time to cross his doorstep since Decoration Day. Justice to a deserted wife and her children demands that the people of this State kick this pretentious rascal back to his duty. For a broken-hearted wife is the only practical result that has come from the first term of the Gregg administration; a second term can only guarantee to the people the next inevitable step: a divorce, and some sealskin-sack siren to flaunt her infamy under the protection of a legal but none the less scandalous and shameful marriage.

McCord relieved himself of a disgusted snort and bolted into the Governor's office. He brushed by Turner and the stenographers and entered Gregg's private room, red-faced and wrathful. As he dropped his green leather bag on a chair McCord saw a copy of the Fountain County Palladium spread out on the desk. His nervous irritation, the result of a month's uncertainty and worry, found voice as he pointed to the open newspaper and exclaimed:

"I want to see you about a lot of things and that's one of them." Gregg looked up startled and answered, smiling rather weakly:

"Well, what about it?" emphasizing "about."

And McCord retorted: "Well, what about it?" jerking his head to emphasize the "what." "I mean that reference to your family relations."

Gregg's face reflected a groping in his heart for a ready lie as he fumbled with a sentence. McCord checked him and cried impatiently:

"Now, Gregg, I want the plain truth about this, and I don't want it varnished—either."

Gregg rested his head on his hand which held his pen. He was silent for a moment, then he grumbled: "I send my wife money—all she needs, I guess—every month. I write to her regularly. She doesn't like it here—I can't get down there much, for you know as well as I do, I'm busy." Gregg paused. McCord interjected:

"But Gregg, look here——"

"Well, look here, then," impatiently; "if Mrs. Gregg wants to live her way, and I want to live my way, and I let her, and she lets me, whose business is it but ours?"

McCord answered roughly: "Well, it's my business for one. So long as I am Chairman of the State Central Committee, and it's my business to pull you through this election—if I can—it's my right to know the truth about everything that will influence votes, sir!"

Gregg put his pen to the paper and began writing as he returned indifferently:

"Well, I've told you all I know; if you want to know more you'll have to go somewhere else."

McCord sat patting his foot on the floor nervously, and looked angrily at the Governor some time before speaking. Finally McCord said: "There are some other things I want to talk to you about, too."

Gregg rose, yawned and stretched, and replied as he began a tour of the windows of the room: "Well, bang away!"

McCord took a full breath before the plunge and said: "I would like to know what you think of George Evans?"

"Why, he's a good enough fellow," responded the Governor, gazing out of the window, and identifying a distinguished-looking figure in the broad avenue leading to the capitol as Mrs. Baring.

"However—he's a thief!" grunted McCord, as his hands fell emphatically on his chair arms. Gregg glanced over his shoulder an instant and McCord continued: "What do you think of Bill Thomas by this time?"

Gregg's eyes were drawn to the asphalt path approaching the State House as he replied: "I dunno; he makes a good enough Treasurer, I guess."

"Probably—but he's a thief, too," snapped McCord. "So're your whole Board of Charities and your penitentiary directors."

Gregg was watching the pavement below for a nod of greeting and did not answer McCord, who went on abruptly: "About a month ago I heard hints of a scandal at the Soldiers' Home. I had been hearing the same thing about the insane asylum, and I have felt that something was wrong at the blind institution and at the penitentiary for six months. I got it out of Bill Thomas ten days ago that he and George Evans and your Board of Charities and your penitentiary directors had made eight thousand dollars in the last six months on a food supply contract for these institutions. I've just visited these institutions and got affidavits from cooks and superintendents to prove that the meat furnished to the State wards is diseased and condemned, and that the other food is impure, adulterated and often decayed. The death rate in the State institutions has risen twenty per cent. in the last eighteen months; this eight thousand dollars is blood money, sir."

McCord paused. The stale, unconscious smile on Gregg's face when he turned from the window withered into a stupid stare. He moistened his lips and inquired:

"Do—do—d—the Rep—do the other fellows know it?" As he spoke he moved to another window where he could tip-toe and see the lower steps leading to the main entrance of the State House. McCord did not answer, but cried impatiently:

"Does murder interest you, Dan Gregg?"

Finally Gregg turned from the window and repeated his question: "Do the Republicans know it? Don't you think they're holding it off until two or three days before election? We must get some fellows to make counter affidavits and spring it now." Gregg strode toward his desk, his eyes blazing, his face alert. He shut McCord off oratorically with: "I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll get the World-Herald to say that the story leaked from Republican headquarters, and

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of September 21.

I've got a dozen appointees in every institution in the State who'll swear black is white if we need 'em."

"But," McCord expostulated violently, "I tell you it's true!"

Gregg was standing near a door opening into the corridor listening to the passing footsteps.

"Heavens, man! what if it is! That don't help matters any. We've got to deny it!" exclaimed Gregg.

"Deny! Deny nothing! You've got to act!"

"To act? How?" This querulously from Gregg.

"To call stop thief! To cut yourself loose from this outfit and fire the whole kit and boodle!"

"When?" Gregg was still listening to the footsteps passing in the corridor.

"Now!" exploded McCord, slapping his hands together in exasperation. The opening and closing of the door of George Evans' office across the corridor jarred the silence, during which the meaning of McCord's demand broke upon Gregg.

"That—that—why that would defeat the State ticket," he stammered.

"No, sir; it's the only thing on earth that will save it." McCord was puzzled and disconcerted at Gregg's apparent preoccupation. McCord felt that he held but half of Gregg's attention and wondered where the other half was straying. He looked at Gregg a moment and continued vigorously: "Do you know, sir, that the people are deserting your ticket by the thousands right now? And unless you show them some strong sign that these scandals in the air are not of your connivance, nor even of your tolerance, you and your whole ticket are doomed. You've got to repudiate and denounce Evans and Thomas, and you've got to discharge every member of your tainted boards." His voice dropped and he added conclusively: "It's that or defeat now, Dan Gregg, and it's your next move." McCord took a turn up and down the room and added: "If you won't publish these affidavits — I feel that I must, and right now, too! I went into this thing for reform, Dan Gregg, and I don't propose to compromise on murder—even if you do."

Gregg walked to McCord and pinioned him with blazing eyes. Gripping his companion by the shoulder, Gregg hissed: "You're a——traitor."

McCord brushed Gregg away saying: "Stuff and nonsense."

Gregg, with a part of his consciousness sentineled at George Evans' door, flung out a long arm and bony hand and thundered:

"Listen to me. You ask if murder interests Dan Gregg. Do I look like a murderer? You show me twenty or thirty crazy people and paupers dead of what you say is criminal neglect or poor food. But I can show you a million workmen, tramping the streets of our cities, starving for want of even such food as you complain of." He leaned over and pounded his desk and McCord's mind's eye kept seeing the words, "the God-forsaken place his wife has to call home," as Gregg continued: "And yet (thump) you'd let these million men starve and a million women barter their immortal souls for bread that you may give your crazy people fresh porterhouse steak three times a day!"

"Don't be a demagogue with me, sir," sniffed McCord, as he dropped into a chair. "I——"

"A demagogue? A demagogue?" shouted Gregg to the sentinel in the corridor. "He tells Dan Gregg not to be a demagogue! Is a man a demagogue if he gives ear when a million fellow-creatures are crying in distress? Whoso putteth his hand to the plow let him not turn back."

McCord, who sat watching Gregg, buffeted by a tempest of passion, wondered if these were the tactics of a man who was going wrong. Gregg shook his clenched fist and cried: "I tell you, it were better that every ward of this State should rot in his cell than that our cause should fail at this election. And before a just and living God, Jim McCord, I would issue an order to destroy them all if I believed our success demanded it. Don't tempt me to dally with my destiny, man. You say the people are deserting us. I say in two years the whole West and in four years the whole nation will rally to our cause." Suddenly he dropped his rhetoricals and pleaded:

"You won't going to be a fool, are you, Mac? Now lookee here." Gregg pulled his chair up to McCord's. "I want to be fair. Just as soon as this election is over we'll have a little private investigation and get matters straightened up. How's that?"

McCord rose as he returned: "No, it won't do. There is a chance that Thomas and Evans may be elected then." When McCord reached for his hat, Gregg caught McCord's arm imploringly and begged: "Think of the poor wronged people—Mac—how they have rallied to us, how they look to us to shield them from oppression. Remember the poor farmers who are being robbed of their homes. Mac, try to pity them as well as your crazy folks. Don't ruin them, Mac—don't!"

McCord pulled away from Gregg, and retorted: "I hardly think that a State administration incapable of handling a thousand State wards without wholesale murder can give much substantial relief to any one. But I want to give you a fair chance. I am going to leave these affidavits here and I want you to read them all carefully. If you decide to act on them, all right. But if not—well, I don't want to think you are a pasteboard fake, Dan Gregg."

McCord laid the roll of affidavits on Gregg's desk, and before the door to Gregg's outer office had closed on McCord Gregg had a messenger on the way to Mrs. Baring in George Evans' office. In a restless interval of waiting Gregg called Dick Turner.

"See here, Dick," said the Governor, as Turner cocked his feet on the gubernatorial desk, "Mac's just been telling me that the grocery houses and packing houses have paid eight or ten thousand dollars for protection for furnishing spoiled groceries and condemned meat to the State institutions. What is there in it?"

Turner blew a ring of smoke and watched it dissolve before answering: "Well, there's s-some blue s-sky, and s-some thin air, and a d-dime's worth of truth in it!"

"What do you mean?" asked Gregg fretfully. Turner replied:

"Wh-when we came in our fellows found that the p-packing houses and the g-grocers were p-putting up to the opposition. It was either t-take that money for our committee or g-give the other f-f-f-f-fellows s-sinews of war. So we d-d-de-horned the dilemma. Mac is such a p-perfect l-lady that the fellows thought he might be sh-shocked at the t-transaction. So Bill Thomas and George Evans and three or f-four fellows on the boards p-put the money into the committee as p-private contributions."

Turner puffed at his pipe and Gregg persisted petulantly:

DRAWN BY HARRISON FISHER

She saw Gregg flinging McCord's affidavits on the smoldering fire

"I know, Dick, but here's a lot of affidavits McCord's got up to prove the food is rotten and is increasing the death rate. We can't stand that, you know, Dick!—that's practically murder!"

Turner walked the floor with one hand in his coat pocket. "You b-bet," he rejoined, "the P-P-Professor has figured it all out. It's m-m-murder, Governor. James McCord's a g-good man and I l-love him, but give him a p-pencil and paper and a c-c-column of s-statistics, and he b-becomes a raging Abyssinian lion. You know I have a th-theory that when the devil fails to make a point any other w-way he resorts to statistics."

Turner broke the silence that followed by asking: "What's Mac's idea? Wh-what does he want you to d-do?"

"Oh, Lord! Of course I can't do what he wants me to do, but I ought to do something, Dick. He wants me to fire every one connected with the—the transac—the arrangement—and denounce Evans and Thomas and appeal to the people. What shall I do, Dick? What shall I do?"

Turner grinned as he replied: "Well, he d-doesn't w-want much."

"No, and he's got a stack of affidavits from cooks and superintendents in the various institutions and if I don't do as he asks he's going to print these!" Turner whistled. Gregg proceeded: "Dick, it seems to me one of two things: either do what Mac wants me to do or stand by friends on the State ticket. What shall I do, Dick—what shall I do?" While Turner was filling his pipe and considering the matter Gregg walked to an ante-room and called to a boy: "Did you deliver my message a little bit ago?" He came back to Turner and went on: "The people are with me, Dick, stronger and surer than ever; and I can't afford to risk their interests in this election, and Jim McCord can't make me! What do you think?"

"Are t-these his affidavits," asked Turner, pointing to the package in Gregg's hand. Gregg nodded. "D-do you w-want to know what I'd d-do?" Again Gregg assented. "Well, th-these are his high cards. He c-can't bluff on a d-deuce, c-can he?" Gregg looked puzzled. "Well, it's this way. You c-can f-find your own excuse for k-keeping them, but if you g-give those p-papers back, you're a —— f-fool."

"Well, that's easy enough to say, but what would you tell him when he asks me for them?" grumbled Gregg. Turner grinned broadly and looked from the smoldering fire in the grate to the papers and back to the fire again and stuttered: "W-well, you m-might t-tell him that the n-nights were g-getting chilly and you n-need more fire."

Turner's insinuating temptation stuck in Gregg's consciousness like a thorn. He picked up the roll of affidavits and handled them as a thief toys with his plunder. Then Gregg heard a door across the corridor open and shut. He rose, still dallying with the affidavits and crossed the room, saying:

"Yes, but what do you suppose Mac would——"

"Well, there's one thing c-certain," laughed Turner; "he w-wouldn't d-do y-you!"

An instant afterward Gregg had the door open for Mrs. Baring. Turner, who rose to greet her, did not sit down again, but hurried out—almost precipitately, Mrs. Baring thought. She wondered, self-consciously, if Turner knew that the Governor had sent for her. Mrs. Baring noticed the Governor's disheveled hair, and the shimmer in his eyes. She tried nervously to make trivial conversation. But Gregg burst the dam of convention with:

"What do I care for the weather or the rain or the campaign! I sent for you because I want you—because I need you."

She saw a tide of emotion rising in Gregg; she was fascinated by the power and grip of the flood. It seemed artificial—a stage effect; but Gregg came to her and fixed her gaze as he cried:

"Don't you desert me! They all mock me but you—you and destiny! You two beckon me—you two inspire me!" As the emotion rose in Gregg Mrs. Baring felt her balance totter. "I sent for you because I have so many things to say—things that I wanted to say before and could not. Maybe I can't now, but you must understand, anyhow! I want your help. I need your advice. I've reached a great crisis. My cause is in danger and all my future is jeopardized." Gregg held her gaze for a moment with a brooding eye and went on: "If I win at this election it means that I may some day be President of the United States. For if our party proves itself stable and our ideas prove themselves worthy of re-indorsement at this election, it means that the country is ready to realize the ideal which we proclaim. But if we fail here and now——" and Gregg flung his arms with an impatient gesture, and glowered from the papers in his hand to the fire in the grate, and then took up his discourse abruptly—"And in the face of all this Jim McCord is going back on me."

Mrs. Baring, who was contemplating him with her chin in her hand, exclaimed: "Oh, no!"

"Well, he is," persisted Gregg. "He wants me right on the eve of this election to come out and denounce your brother and Treasurer Thomas for irregularities in the food-supply contracts. And he wants me to discharge most of the members of my State boards. He's not satisfied with my promise to investigate this business after election; but he insists on resigning his chairmanship to-morrow and publishing these affidavits against these men," and Gregg flourished the papers viciously, "if I don't do exactly as he says. These affidavits, whether they are true or false, coming out just at this time are enough to beat us. But Mac won't listen to my way. It's rule or ruin with him."

Gregg twisted the affidavits a moment in both hands, and struck the desk with the papers furiously and broke out: "What does Jim McCord know about this movement? A little poll book, and a paper and pencil, and a kind of buttered-toast conscience—and you've got him. But I'll show this chicken-broth statesman that Dan Gregg don't cringe for no hair-splitting, scandal-peddling, short-haired old maid. Let

(*Continued on Page 17*)

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

WHEN a man buys an automobile the purchase does not include all the highways of the world, but in some cases he seems to think it does.

RAILROAD travel in this country will become perfect when the passenger who buys his ticket feels as comfortable as the man who is using a pass.

BARGAIN hunting has become such a craze with some people that they would expect to find the Ten Commandments on the five-cent counter.

CHINA has distributed apologies liberally, but will it pay the indemnities with equal promptness? That is a question which keeps the nations guessing.

ADMIRAL DEWEY did not bother about Spanish mines, but he draws the line at promiscuous snapshots, which shows that there is a limit even to heroism.

NOVELS by the thousand, some novels by the hundreds of thousand copies, and short stories without number; it is the golden age of fiction, and added to it all are the official reports of the South African War.

FOR a long time the movement for the prevention of cruelty to animals was regarded as chimerical. Now it hauls into court the brutes who beat horses and the public helps in the good work. Sentiment of the right sort is power.

WHEN a golf game and a yacht race are technically described in the same issue of a newspaper the average reader finds only partial comfort in the latest edition of the unabridged dictionary, and the English language has to seek introductions to the new members of its very mixed family.

ONCE more there is a general demand that the canal across the Isthmus be built. Uncle Sam says so, too. And then those most intimately interested suggest that Uncle Sam furnish all the money. But the old gentleman, rich as he is, has had experience in making other people's fortunes, and though he wants to be generous he has a wholesome objection to handing over to anybody or to any set of bodies the keys to his strong box.

The Betterment of Our Police Forces

THE regeneration of a city police force is a problem that now holds the attention of all who are interested in successful municipal government.

Though it cannot be controverted that the police force of the average American city needs from time to time a process of cleansing, and that party politics sometimes hinders such operation, it should be remembered that the police departments of our cities, taken all in all, are too often extravagantly condemned; and a distinction should be made between party politics and party politicians as obstacles in the way of police teform. On the one hand a police force suffers in the public eye for the peculations of individuals, and the politician is indeed a poor one who, in this day of critical scrutiny of municipal management, sees advantage for his party in blocking popular insistence for improvement in all branches of city service.

It will be unmistakably to the benefit of any police force to have cut off from it the "grafters" who are connected therewith, and the party that lends itself to thwarting such a consummation cannot hope to expect favors from the people.

Occasions have arisen where politicians, wishing to gain advantage over members of their own or an opposing party, whom they wished to injure or destroy, have gone to the length of endeavoring to make it appear that the men whom they regarded as political obstacles were in league with corrupt policemen. This has happened in New York and even in Chicago, but such occurrences should not be allowed to militate against genuine effort for permanent reform. Persistent public pressure—sleepless public watchfulness—and the culmination of a movement to minimize characteristic police evils will speedily come. I use the word "minimize" advisedly, for human nature must undergo a wonderful change, the tendency to yield to temptation must be eradicated from the human heart, before we can have such an absolutely perfect police force as is the dream of idealists. Individual policemen, as can well be imagined, sometimes find themselves in situations in which they are sorely tempted, and where probable immunity from detection prompts them to fall. This latter phase of the situation suggests the difficulties that must necessarily attend an honest attempt to get at the black sheep in a police force. Not only is there a difficulty in securing evidence against the black sheep, but there is the probability, nay the certainty, of evidence being manufactured against officers of integrity by victims of their vigilance and of their faithful performance of duty.

What, you ask, is the remedy for the conditions I have pictured? My answer is: Find an ideal Chief of Police and remove the police force under him from the influence of unscrupulous politicians by applying to the department the principles of the merit system under a strong civil-service régime, and in this way follow the example set by Chicago—too often tabooed for manufactured delinquencies and too tardily credited for progress in municipal government. In this way follow the example of Chicago, I say, which has as Chief of Police a man who impersonates the happy combination of unimpeachable honesty and rare police acumen, who has the head of a clever policeman and the heart of an honest citizen, and whose appointment by me was, curiously enough, regarded as almost revolutionary. Appoint such a man as Chief of Police in every American city, give him full sway, and give him as an auxiliary a thorough merit system; then you can look, as we in Chicago look, for as nearly an ideal police force as it is possible to have.

—CARTER H. HARRISON,
Mayor of Chicago.

There is no safety outside of the law and there is no safe law that goes beyond common-sense.

The Gospel of Preacher and President

IT IS one of the interesting contradictions of this age that while the comforts and luxuries of life are increasing to an amazing extent, and while devices and inventions save an enormous amount of labor and enable a man to do more in a given time than at any other age in the world's history, the real necessity for hard, earnest toil has in no way been diminished. It is easy to say that any man can get along with less effort and that he can pass his years with satisfaction. So he can. But merely getting along, and seeing the hours go with nothing but the fulfillment of ordinary gratifications, is not life in its high and true sense. We see the fact illustrated every day—we have it shown in a superb degree in the career of our new President.

There is a dispute among theologians as to who wrote Ecclesiastes, but the general supposition is that the author was Solomon and that it was the expression of his penitence near the close of his life. The wise man of thousands of years ago expressed truths that have endured through all the centuries, for he preached the gospel of work and showed that only through labor and virtue can good come. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do," he said, "do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest." All through the Bible, and in all literature from the beginning of its records, man is told that if he wishes to rise above mere existence he must work with all the force that is within him.

So, when Mr. Roosevelt in his famous Chicago speech proclaimed the strenuous life, he was but repeating in modern phrase the lesson of the ages. "I wish to preach," he said in his address of April, 1899, "not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life; the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shirk from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who, out of these, wins the splendid, ultimate triumph."

This gospel Mr. Roosevelt has followed. A weakling in his youth, he became strong by determined exercise and right living. Not gifted with a brilliant intellect, he has done more with his talents than a genius. Placed beyond creature wants by the happy accident of birth, he has toiled harder, longer and better than a wage-earner who must work for his bread. And out of it all wonderful things have come—the civic improvement of a great city, the betterment of the government of the Empire State, the advancement of the merit system in our politics, and now—not to mention his achievements in literature and his brave work in a recent war—the Presidency of the greatest nation in the world.

It is the vogue to refer to President Roosevelt as a typical American. It has a pleasant sound, but it is an exaggeration. Even in this land of magical careers he is an exceptional American. Such grit as he has shown belongs to no country. Beaconsfield showed it in England. M. Witte has shown it in Russia. Modern history affords instances that prove the widening of opportunity in every part of the world, and the sure rewards which come to strenuous workers even in the face of the barriers of class and caste.

Here in the United States the field has fewer difficulties, but that very fact entails a responsibility that hangs heavily over every man. If he is not doing his best he is not doing his duty. If he is after mere easy peace, instead of the splendid, ultimate triumph, he is making an ignoble surrender of his life to failure. "To the stars through difficulties," the ancients put it, and there is no other way to success.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

A man who lives on theories dines on a thin slice of fact sandwiched between two stale possibilities.

Free Textbooks No Charity

THE Public School system of the United States has been rightly termed the cornerstone of our democratic institutions. It is not only important that we have the free school system, but it is equally important that we should have a system which is efficient. It is also important in a democracy that in the free common school, at least, there shall be no distinctions arising from differences in the possession of the material things of life. The free textbook plan, wherever it has been tried, has added to the efficiency of the public school.

Ten States of the Union have compulsory free textbook laws. Fourteen States have permissive free textbook laws. The school authorities in the optional States all declare that cities, towns and school districts are rapidly adopting the system. Of twenty-eight cities in the United States having above 100,000 population seventeen provide free textbooks; of fourteen cities having between 65,000 and 100,000 nine furnish free textbooks.

Philadelphia has provided free textbooks since 1818; New York City probably for fifty or sixty years. England, which is just now developing a public school system modeled after that of the United States, has adopted the free textbook plan as a part of the American system. In the light of these facts, it would appear that the burden is upon the opponents of the free textbook plan to show why it should not generally be adopted in the United States. It is said that it is wrong to provide with free books the children of those who are able to pay for them. On the same reasoning it might be said that it is wrong to provide school buildings and teachers for the children of those who are able to pay for them. Again, we are told that if we provide free books we must also provide free meals, shoes and clothing. The line is certainly distinctly drawn. Meals, shoes and clothing are needed by the child whether it is in school or not. The books are needed by the child when it enters the school. For one, however, I am free to say that if the child is to be in school, and there is no other method provided for furnishing it with needed meals, shoes and clothing, I should allow no academic notions as to the functions of the State to stand in the way of providing the child with what it needs.

It is said that the furnishing of free textbooks tends to pauperize the people. This is a strange argument. It has always been admitted even by the most extreme opponents of the free textbook plan that provision should be made for furnishing free textbooks to poor children, and yet the argument as to pauperizing was never heard of in that connection. It is only when we propose to treat all children alike and furnish free textbooks to all that we are told that we are pauperizing the people. Several generations of Americans in Philadelphia, New York and New Jersey, and one generation, at least, in the New England communities, can refute the argument as to the pauperization of the people.

The plan of furnishing free textbooks to poor children only, is absurd, illogical and utterly un-American. In the midst of numerous requests for free books, there is no principal or teacher that has the knowledge at hand to distinguish between those entitled to free books and those not entitled to them. Nor would it be listened to for a moment that we should organize a detective system which should penetrate the homes of the parents to determine where free books should be provided. There is no machinery provided for equitably administering the indigent book system, nor would any such machinery be tolerated in our country. We must, therefore, have a system of furnishing textbooks which can be administered with justice to all. It is when we provide free textbooks for a part of the children and not for all that pauperization results.

From all places where the system has been tried come reports of increased attendance and great saving in the total expenditure for textbooks. Moreover, books are furnished to the children on the *opening* day of the school term, and the teachers in free textbook communities say that, if there were no other reason for adopting the system, this would be a sufficient one.

—JOSEPH W. ERRANT.

MAKING WILD ANIMALS HAPPY

By René Bache

The "'coons" have all the comforts of home

The tapir—a little stranger from South America

This bear has a bathtub

ALL animals need amusement. In a wild state, when not sleeping or engaged in the serious business of seeking food, they are constantly at play. Pleasant occupation and distraction of mind are just as essential to them as to human beings. Deprived of opportunities for recreation, they become bored, getsick, and soon die.

Recognition of this simple, yet important, fact is new. It can hardly be said to have dawned a dozen years ago. Accordingly, methods of keeping wild animals in zoölogical gardens have hitherto been very primitive, the notion being that a sufficient supply of food, and a cage or other inclosure big enough to turn around in, were the only essential requisites for the proper care of beast or bird in captivity. If the prisoners in fur and feathers seemed languid and morose, or went mad, such incidents were considered unavoidable, and a large mortality was compensated for by purchases of fresh victims to take the places of those that died.

Until quite recently it was imagined, even by people of intelligence, that the beasts of the fields and the fowls of the air were mere automata, directed in their every-day doings by a sort of mechanical substitute for intelligence, termed instinct. But now it has come to be realized that these creatures have minds which are in most respects like our own, though of inferior development. They have the same passions, and many of the same feelings, that we have, and they need recreation, the society of their kind, and agreeable surroundings just as much as we do. Out of a tardy recognition of this truth has come—one should rather say, is coming, inasmuch as old methods are still followed to a great extent in Europe—a revolution in the management of public collections of wild animals.

A Zoo that is an Animal Home

In this movement the leading part has been taken by the National Zoo at Washington, which is under the charge of Mr. S. P. Langley, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The ideas referred to are to a great extent his own, and he is carrying them out on lines which have already made the collection at the capital a model. Here at last is a park that is made for the use and comfort of the animals. It is a home for them, and their happiness is not sacrificed in the slightest degree for the sake of offering pleasure and ease to human visitors.

This notion, of course, is revolutionary. Hitherto it has always been considered that a zoölogical garden was for the people, and that it did not matter in what sort of quarters the animals were huddled, or how uncomfortable they were, so long as they were on view. But the park in Washington, which is primarily for the beasts and birds, seems, after all, to be just about the pleasantest place of its kind in this country from the viewpoint of human spectators, who, on entering it, find themselves in the midst of beautiful natural scenery, diversified with hill and valley, and behold the captive animals under conditions as near to Nature as possible.

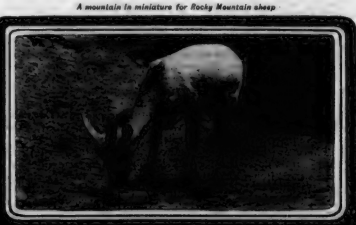
This, indeed, is the keynote of the whole business. Give the animals plenty of room, with surroundings imitating as closely as possible their natural environment, and they will be happy. Thus the buffalo, a herd of them, are browsing on a hillside, to all intents and purposes at liberty. There is a wire-net fence, but it is not conspicuous to the eye, and the area it incloses is extensive. The huge creatures, almost the last of their disappearing species, are as contented as if living in a wild state, and decidedly better off, for they are protected from enemies.

An immense flight-cage for birds is now being built. Such cages there are already at the New York Zoo and in San Francisco. But the one at Washington is to be the finest, the most superb thing of its kind in the world. It is about 300 feet long by 100 feet wide, and perhaps 50 feet in height, being inclosed with wire net and having a sort of passageway beneath, so that the visitor may walk through the cage and find himself surrounded on all sides by feathered songsters and birds of beautiful plumage, thousands of them together. A wonderful sight, truly! Great trees, as well as bushes and shrubs, are inclosed within this gigantic cage; it is a section of forest shut in by almost invisible barriers.

That is the way to make birds happy. With plenty of room to fly about in, with trees and bushes, and no lack of the society of their feathered kind, why should they not be amused and contented? It is not altogether a matter of humanitarianism, or of recognition of the right of the bird or the beast to be happy. Expediency has much to do with the question, inasmuch as animals kept in cages and deprived of amusement soon die, thus causing much expense to the management. The theory that suitable recreation and pleasant surroundings tend to longevity finds ample illustration in a zoölogical garden.

Now, what is to be done with the monkeys? Usually they are cooped up in cages, and have a very dull time of it, notwithstanding their ingenuity in devising ways of amusing themselves. They possess almost human

A mountain in miniature for Rocky Mountain sheep



The baby leopard in its private jungle

Not a goat, but a Barbary sheep from the Atlas Mountains

Prong-horned antelope—there are only a few of them left

powers of observation, and it is safe to say that they get as much fun out of the people who come to look at them as do the latter from watching the simian prisoners. Yet they are prisoners, too obviously such, and doubtless they feel the confinement sorely. Something better ought to be done for them.

Monkeys are tropical people; they are at home in the forested regions of the Equatorial belt all around the globe. When imprisoned they ought to be surrounded by conditions as like as possible to those of their native habitat. Instead of a small cage, they ought to have for their accommodation a large inclosed space, under glass, with plenty of trees, much foliage, and all possible opportunities for unrestrained acrobatic performances. A greenhouse and animal-house combined may be considered as describing in a rough way the ideal monkey-house—a bit of tropical forest under shelter.

The National Zoo at Washington is going to have such a monkey-house before very long, and one or more sections of it will be given over to the accommodation of specimens of the great apes—the man-monkey of Borneo, Sumatra and Equatorial Africa. Up to the present time, though a good many such apes have been exhibited in zoölogical gardens, the greatest trouble has been experienced in keeping them alive for any length of time. Before long they would surely die; and this was very unfortunate, inasmuch as they are the most interesting of all animals obtainable for a collection, and the cost of securing them is large. Just at present there are four young orang-outangs at the Bronx Park in New York. People flock in crowds to see them—particularly one specimen named Rajah, who wears a shirt-waist and pantaloons, eats his dinner like a man, uses knife and fork expertly, drinks out of a cup, and does everything but fee the waiter. To fetch these interesting cousins of ours from Borneo must have been a difficult undertaking, involving much expense, yet it is to be feared that none of them will live to grow up.

The Coddling of Baby Simians

The trouble is not that the climate does not agree with these apes, but that proper care is not taken of them. Nobody as yet has studied the problem properly. It has been customary indeed, whenever such animals were exhibited in zoölogical gardens, to feed them on all sorts of trash, and even to teach them to smoke and chew tobacco. Naturally, they soon succumbed, being only babies after all. The chimpanzees, orangs and gorillas shown in captivity are always young ones, most of which have been captured after killing their mothers.

Well, then, these babies of wild parentage from the tropical forests ought to have the same sort of care and attention that young children receive. They should be coddled, petted, fed and looked after just like human babies. Infant apes, it should be realized, resemble human infants far more closely than do adult apes full-grown human beings. Human babies, if neglected and carelessly treated, soon die, and it is not in the least surprising to find that the man-monkey's babies do the same under similar circumstances.

The management of the Washington Zoo has not developed the idea fully as yet, but it is confident that the ideal monkey-house which it proposes to erect will solve the problem, and that young orangs and chimpanzees will have a chance to grow up and to be as healthy as in their natural environment when imprisoned in a properly-arranged tropical forest under glass. The same statement applies to gorillas, which, notwithstanding the reputation of the adults for ferocity, appear to be tractable enough when taken in infancy.

One point about elephants is that they are extremely social animals, and therefore it is important that they should be kept in herds whenever possible. They want company, and suffer extremely if separated from their kind. It goes without saying that they ought to have a large inclosure, with plenty of room to roam about.

Comfort for Lions and Bears

Lions and tigers do not require much space apparently. They want shade to lie in and room enough to run about a bit in the open air. This is arranged for in the Washington Zoo by great open-air cages, with which their covered houses communicate by doors. Though not requiring the society of many of their kind, it is most distressing to them to be deprived of the company of their mates, and care is always taken to keep them together in couples. One huge monarch of the forest from Bengal has an immense bathtub, filled with water, in which he lies for hours together with only his head above the surface, looking absurd but intensely comfortable and pleased.

For the bears, rocky caves in a hillside are provided, the arrangement being similar to that adopted in most zoölogical gardens nowadays, and there are delightful baths, and trees for climbing—all the luxuries, in short, dear to the ursine heart. All day long they are playing with each other, several of a kind being confined in each inclosure.

Once in a while somebody comes along and sympathizes kindly with the Polar bear, which always looks as if it were sighing for a fresh iceberg. But the chances are that this is not really the case. It is doubtful if any warm-blooded animal seeks cold. As for bears of this kind, they dwell in Arctic regions simply because their tribe has been gradually forced by its enemies out of less rigorous latitudes. Anyway, the Washington Zoo has never lost a Polar bear from heat-stroke, though several of the black bears have died from that cause. The study of what animals like and what they dislike has not yet advanced very far; when more is known on the subject the problem of keeping them in captivity will be nearer to a solution.

Carrying out the same idea, the raccoons, more than a score of them together, clamber at liberty upon an immense dead tree. On the ground are hollow logs, into which they crawl when they desire privacy, and there is only a wire fence three feet high to separate them from the world and their enemies. The prairie-dogs have a village of their own. Deer of various species browse over extensive areas of hillside and meadow, practically free. It is the same way with the kangaroos, and the seals have a great pond to disport themselves in.

Naturally, animals that are threatened with extinction bring enormous prices. Many of the numerous species of African antelopes come in that category, and so do the mountain zebras, of which there are none left alive in a wild state, though there are some domesticated ones of pure breed in Europe. The two-horned rhinoceros of South Africa is almost gone, and a specimen of the musk ox, an Arctic brute, very near to final extermination, is worth a small fortune. Collectors are now looking earnestly for the short-necked giraffe which has been newly discovered in the Dark Continent.

It is the business of a zoo, also, to keep in touch with private collectors, who get a good deal of what is called "small stuff"—that is to say, birds, small mammals and reptiles. They have not the facilities for procuring large mammals, for which it is necessary to depend upon the great dealers. Hagenbeck has relations with people in Siam, and elsewhere in Southern Asia, who supply him with elephants. It is easier to get elephants from that part of the world than from Africa, because there are better facilities for transporting the huge pachyderms when once they have been captured. Lions and tigers are caught young, and some of them are bred in captivity.

Occasionally a zoölogical garden will send out collectors on its own account, especially to remote and little-frequented regions. Thus, not long ago, the establishment in Washington commissioned a famous hunter to capture one or more Kadiak bears on the island of Kadiak, in Alaska, which are the largest bears in the world, surpassing even the grizzly in size. The hunter took along with him a collapsible cage of aluminum, which was baited with meat, but the bears would not venture into it. Another man was employed to get some mountain sheep, which are becoming exceedingly rare, and two specimens which he caught are now in the park.

Some Rarities from the Himalayas

There are some animals in the higher Himalayas, within the confines of Thibet, which are much desired by zoölogical gardens. No living specimens of them have ever been obtained for collections. Among them are various strange species of sheep and goats. Two big ox-like beasts from the same part of the world, the "gayal" and the "gaur," are very rare in captivity.

One advantage possessed by the National Zoo is that it is able to call upon United States Consuls all over the world for contributions of rare animals, and in this way it has obtained a good many valuable specimens—notably a baby tapir from South America. Also, it is in a position to ask for similar aid from naval officers, who, visiting so many strange climes as they do, have opportunities to pick up queer birds and beasts. Not long ago the Wilmington made a trip to the headwaters of the Orinoco River, and brought back a lot of curious creatures, including birds of brilliant plumage and various species of those odd mammals of small size for which that portion of the globe is remarkable. They bought them mostly from the Indians, who, being particularly fond of animals, collect them, make pets of them, and keep them about their houses. The Indian, whether of North or South America, is a lover of animals always.

BOARDING AN ARMY—By J. E. Jenks

SOMEBODY, probably connected with the subsistence department, has said that an army travels on its belly. The remark has become a military proverb, and is so much a fact that the department of food in the armies of the world is quite as essential to the success of a campaign as the department of strategy. The experts who devise the soldier's ration and see that he gets it in full measure are as important to the plans of a campaign as the other experts who arrange for the surprise and defeat of the enemy. It is natural, therefore, that the ration should engage the attention of the ablest authorities in dietetics.

In the first place, the ration is based on what will most surely nourish the soldier and give him that power of endurance which is so necessary to a man burdened with military equipment, who tramps through forests, mud and swamps in the pursuit of a foe. The ration, therefore, is reduced to a mathematical problem of calories of heat and foot-tons of strength in the nutriment principles of the food. It is figured out that the average soldier marching one mile and carrying sixty pounds of equipment must exercise a strength of 25.93 foot-tons. That is, his strength must raise one ton nearly twenty-six feet, or 25.93 tons one foot. With this as a starting point the doctors and the subsistence officers combine in the composition of a ration of desirable quantity and variety, which neither overfeeds the soldier nor gives him less food than he needs. Of course, some men require more food than others—new recruits, for example, surprise the old soldiers by their hunger, which amounts in some cases to gluttony, and army officers meet this voracious appetite by a liberal supply of a bulky "filling" vegetable food.

It is, of course, the quality rather than the quantity upon which nutrition depends. Of late years subsistence officers have introduced a variety in the ration which years ago was lacking, and cooking has become one of the means of adding to the appetizing qualities of the soldier's provisions. At one time the French soldier subsisted on two meals a day, each meal consisting of soup composed of beef, bread and vegetables. With the same articles a greater variety would have been possible and the fearful monotony of such a diet would have been relieved. Even in the British Army, not many years ago, boiled beef constituted the only meat, and men quickly tired of the sameness of the dish. Our own army is fortunate in the different methods of preparing food, and the bill-of-fare of the average soldier's mess is quite varied.

The greatest calamity against which the authorities have to guard is the misuse and waste of the ration. It is therefore a rule to help the soldier sparingly and permit him to ask for a second or a third helping if he desires it. A small amount of food left by each man amounts in the aggregate to considerable. It is said that a British regiment wasted a thousand dollars' worth of grease in one year, and that the bones, which have a marketable value, thrown away in the course of a year by one of our own regiments in the West, possessed a similar value.

One of the delving experts found at an army post in this country, where the numerical strength was 430 men, that during ten days the wastage of different articles was as follows: eight per cent. of pork, twenty-two per cent. of beef, twenty-seven per cent. of potatoes, twenty-one per cent. of onions, thirty-three per cent. of prunes, forty-five per cent. of cabbage and three per cent. of bread. A wasteful cook is a most expensive luxury, and a careful cook drawn from civil life has been known to save twice his thousand dollar annual salary through his economy in the course of a year.

There are all sorts of methods of preparing food in the field. It is no very difficult problem to cook at army posts, where the kitchens are quite as elaborate and well equipped as in the best of the large hotels, but the ingenuity of man is taxed to its greatest capacity in devising some means of cooking the ration when troops are on the march and when their camps are shifting and stationary for only a night. The best of the army stoves is one invented by an enlisted man. It is compressible and collapsible, and when in position there are tins and pans and utensils ready to roast, bake, fry, boil and stew for a hundred men. Any kind of fuel may be used; the stove weighs about 200 pounds; it can be easily transported; and it will boil 200 barrels of material or roast 150 pounds or bake twenty-four loaves of bread. Some European armies have kitchen-wagons which travel ahead of the troops and have a meal ready by the time they settle down at the night's camp, but none of the European armies has so convenient a device as has our own service. In the absence of these ranges, ovens are sometimes made on the ground, mud, clay and mortar being employed for the purpose. Some of the best meals known to the soldier are made by these primitive means, and those who have eaten beans baked in a hole in the ground say that they possess a flavor which is obtained by no other culinary process.

Our own soldiers have three meals a day—an early breakfast, a hearty dinner at noon and a five-o'clock supper. The last meal of the day is served at this early hour owing to the preference of the soldier for a long evening.

In the European armies the breakfast is a light meal, but in our own army the first meal of the day is a substantial repast. Some officers believe that a light luncheon should be served troops before going to bed. Our Government does not undertake this, but the post exchange affords an opportunity to the soldier to purchase such a luncheon if desired. Upon the march but two meals a day can be served. The soldier in our own army takes his meals in a well-lighted, well-ventilated mess hall, in contrast to the arrangement in some other armies, notably the Russian and French, where the food is issued to six or eight men in one huge mess-pan, into which the soldiers dive in a helter-skelter sort of way, which gives the doctors plenty of work to do later with military dyspeptics.

It is a difficult matter to compare the ration of the American soldier with that of his foregin fellow-in-arms. There are too many considerations to be taken into account, and people who are familiar with the military rations of the world say that the American soldier is the best fed, and the most bountifully, of any soldier in the world. His ration is composed of a variety of articles and includes the rare item of tobacco. Some foreign governments have an issue of stimulants. The British Army, for example, during a campaign gives daily a half-gill of rum on the approval of the medical officer. The Germans, when in an enemy's country, have an issue of spirits, and the Russians use their excess of flour in the manufacture of "kvass," a sort of beer.

The ration of the Japanese, as might be expected, has an abundance of rice, some spiced vegetables, and tea. In times of extremity horse-food is issued, and, contrary to the general impression, this food is palatable and wholesome, and the doctors advise that when the usual supply of meat is exhausted the flesh of animals killed in battle should certainly be added to the bill-of-fare. This was done in the Franco-Prussian war and is done in the present war in South Africa.

Coffee is a favorite article in the ration of all countries. It is a stimulant, of course, and much attention is bestowed on the means of preparation. It serves sometimes as a food, although a resort to coffee for that purpose is rare and is only made in times of emergency.

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Men & Women of the Hour

A Truant Legislature

Madame Modjeska

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MADAME MODJESKA, the famous actress, returned recently from her native land, Poland, after a striking experience.

At the World's Fair in Chicago, Madame Modjeska delivered a speech on Poland's struggle for liberty that made her *persona non grata* with His Majesty, the Czar, and an edict was issued which prohibited her from setting foot on Russian-Polish soil. Last year the revocation of this edict was finally effected by powerful friends of the actress, and Madame Modjeska, whose love for her native country has never diminished, set sail for the other side as soon as her season closed last spring. News of her coming preceded her to her native country, and great preparations were made for her reception.

It happened that the local legislature was in session at Warsaw, the ancient capital, and under the law it was bound to hold two sessions a day, afternoon and evening. Madame Modjeska was announced to appear at the National Theatre in a performance of a new play, by a Polish author. The legislature ordinarily convened for its evening session at the same hour that the curtain rose at the theatre. Several important measures were on, and both sides were anxious to make a strong showing.

Apparently, however, they were equally anxious not to miss Madame Modjeska's appearance, as it was to be the first occasion on which she had acted in Polish in something like twenty years. The only person who apparently was not interested in Madame Modjeska was the presiding officer of the legislative body.

On the evening of the actress' appearance at the theatre the Speaker was the first to arrive at the legislative hall. At eight o'clock, the usual opening hour, he came out of his private office and ascended the rostrum, picked up the gavel, and was about to announce the formal opening of the session, when, to his amazement, he noticed that there was not a member in sight. Almost as bad as this, the only attendants who were present were two old fellows who were deaf.

This wholesale absenteeism puzzled him very much. Summoning the two faithful deaf men, he sent them out to ascertain the reason. They came back with the announcement that it was the attraction of Madame Modjeska. The Polish queen of tragedy had drawn away every statesman in the assembly.

Next day, realizing that, again, he could not compete with the attractions of Modjeska, the Speaker announced that in order to prevent the public business from suffering, the legislature would meet in continuous session lasting from eleven o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening. When the latter hour arrived he rose solemnly in his seat, and announced:

"Now, gentlemen, having served the state, we are at liberty to adjourn and go to the theatre."

So the whole body trooped off from the chamber to the theatre.

The Defiance of Rodriguez

Dr. José Ignacio Rodriguez

DR. JOSÉ IGNACIO RODRIGUEZ, recently appointed Secretary of the Delegation to the International Conference of American States, which is to meet in the City of Mexico this month, has long been identified with American international questions, and has enjoyed the confidence of both English and Spanish-American Governments. Doctor Rodriguez is well known for his strong sense of justice and disregard of consequences, and this is illustrated by an incident in his career in Cuba before his independent expression of opinion forced him into exile.

In 1865, when Doctor Rodriguez was a judge in Havana, the Captain-General of Cuba ordered the arrest of an alleged criminal and sent the case to Judge Rodriguez' court, intimating that conviction was not to be delayed.

The prisoner was accused of bearing an assumed name, of being illegally married and of having usurped judicial functions. Judge Rodriguez examined into the case and reported to the Captain-General as follows:

"Count One: The prisoner's father, of the same name, acknowledged his son; this testimony was corroborated by the mother, who also produced her son's baptismal certificate.

"Count Two: The prisoner presented both his marriage certificate and a special license from the bishop attesting the legality of his marriage.

"Count Three: The official list of the *escribanos* of the Court of Primer Instancia contains the prisoner's name.

"The indictment, therefore, is respectfully returned to Your Excellency, with the notice that the prisoner has been discharged."

Schley's Witty Attorney

Hon. Isidor Rayner

PHOTO. FURNISHED BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HON. ISIDOR RAYNER, one of Admiral Schley's counsel, is called the actor-orator of Maryland. His friends say that had he chosen the drama as his theatre of action he could easily have won distinction as a tragedian. His colleagues who served with him in Congress delight in telling how he strode up and down the aisles when making impassioned speeches.

Unlike many of the great debaters of the House, Mr. Rayner seldom lapses into humor, except when interrupted. His set speeches were formidable to his opponents. A stern, uncompromising earnestness was his secret of strength in oratorical combat.

In the beginning of his Congressional career some of his opponents sought to weaken his arguments by constantly interrupting him, but these tactics served to concentrate his wit. In his retorts he sometimes departed from his statelier manner and hurled shafts of satire.

While making a speech in favor of a reduction of the tariff he was interrupted by the late Congressman Dingley, of Maine, who asked Mr. Rayner if he favored putting coal on the free list.

"Coal is not mentioned in this bill," replied Mr. Rayner.

"But I should like to know if the gentleman will join me and others to put coal on the free list," persisted the Maine statesman.

"Will you vote for the bill if we put coal on the free list?" asked the Maryland Congressman.

Mr. Dingley replied that he would answer that question when the bill was completed.

"Well," retorted Mr. Rayner, "when you answer my question, I'll answer yours. We'll both answer together."

Later "Czar" Reed asked him what his attitude was as to glass.

"We both live in glass houses and had better change the subject," was Mr. Rayner's rejoinder.

Reed and Rayner were frequently in some verbal duel.

"Did not the gentleman hear my speech Saturday?" thundered the Czar on one occasion.

"No," replied Rayner, "I was at home preparing a speech of my own."

Candor is one of Mr. Rayner's strong points. In a political speech on one occasion he made the statement that the Democratic party in convention had denounced the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act and had pledged the party to its speedy repeal. "I am in favor," added Mr. Rayner, "of keeping Democratic promises according to the letter."

"All of them?" asked some one in the audience, ready to spring a discarded plank of some previous platform.

"Well, every one of them so far as they can be kept," rejoined the speaker, and the crowd, although not all of his political faith, applauded him for his dexterous escape from the trap set for him.

Mr. Rayner is of a reverent turn of mind, and is unusually liberal in his religious outlook, holding pews in churches of several denominations.

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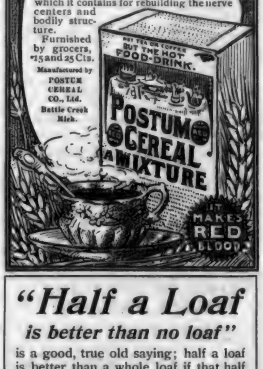

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New Skirts, $4 up.
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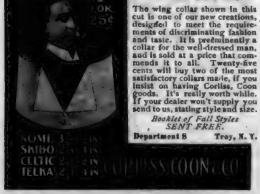

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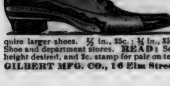

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Poems of Autumn

In the Lane

By Madison Cawein

WHEN the hornet hangs in the hollyhock,
And the brown bee drones i' the rose,
And the west is a red-streaked four-o'clock,
And summer is near its close—
It's—Oh, for the gate and the locust lane,
And dusk and the dew and home again!

When the katydid sings and the cricket cries,
And the ghosts of the mists ascend,
And the evening star is a lamp i' the skies,
And summer is near its end—
It's—Oh, for the fence and the leafy lane,
And the twilight peace and the tryst again!

When the owlet hoots in the dogwood-tree,
That leans to the rippling run,
And the wind is a wildwood melody,
And summer is almost done—
It's—Oh, for the bridge and the bramble lane,
And the fragrant hush and her hands again!

When fields smell moist with the dewy hay,
And woods are cool and wan,
And a path for dreams in the Milky Way,
And summer is nearly gone—
It's—Oh, for the rock and the woodland lane,
And the silence and stars and her lips again!

When the weight of the apples breaks down the limbs,
And the musk-melons split with sweet,
And the moon's white bloom through the heaven swims,
And summer has spent its heat—
It's—Oh, for the lane, for the trysting lane,
And the deep-mooned night and her love again!

In Arcady

By H. A. Webster

SOMEWHERE a cricket chirps his roundelay,
And darkness, peopled with a thousand things,
Spreads in its endless chase of fleeting day,
The sable-tinted mantle of its wings.

Above a heron slowly wings its flight,
Slyly a fox slips from his hidden lair,
An antlered stag upon the mountain's height
Raises his head and sniffs the summer air.

The sun sinks down behind the distant hills,
The shadows lengthen in the afterglow—
And to the sighing of the whippoorwills
The sleepy echoes answer soft and low.

Nature lies sunk into the arms of Night,
And in the lowlands over marsh and fen
Will-o'-the-wisp displays his elfin light,
Hiding an instant to appear again.

The faint stars mirrored in the broad lagoon
Lighten the blackness of Night's sombre shroud,
As slowly o'er the mountain-tops the moon
Bursts into beauty from behind a cloud.

Farewell to Robin

By Nixon Waterman

FARE thee well—the breeze is sighing—
Farewell, Robin, southward flying;
Long and long—
Now you leave me—must be saddened
All my grove that you have gladdened
With your song.

Every southward-flitting feather
Steals a glint of golden weather
From my skies;
And when fields no longer hearken
To your notes they dim and darken;
Beauty dies.

'Twas you brought me—blithesome rover—
Lily bells and bloom of clover
Sweet with dew;
But since 'tis your carols wake them,
So where'er you go you take them
All with you.

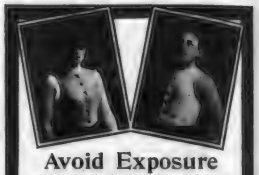
Through gray winter's gloom and grieving
In my heart hope will be weaving
Dreams of spring.
When, the year's first joyous comer,
You will bring me back my summer
On your wing.

Gossip of the Wind

By Robert Loveman

THE wind is such a gossip,
I must be very still,
For every idle word I breathe
He'll carry o'er the hill;

And shrub, and rock, and bird, and tree,
That I love jealously,
May form some queer opinion
Of poor old foolish me.



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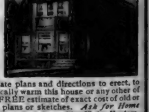

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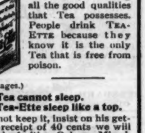

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A Most Lamentable Comedy

(*Continued from Page 11*)

him bring on his scandals. Let him unlock his schoolhouse full of boogers. He can't scare Dan Gregg!" And in the palsy of passion that shook him the papers in his outstretched hand rustled like leaves on a blighted tree; and Mrs. Baring, tiptoeing in the lifting tide of Gregg's emotion, clung to the edge of the desk in front of her until her finger-nails showed white. "Not with your face and my destiny smiling at me."

His tone deepened and the shimmer in his eyes glowed into a blaze as he went on: "I told you I was chained to my environment. I told you I was bound to a rock, gnawed by the vultures of my past. I told you that I was fettered to my old self." Crushing the papers in his hand Gregg leaned toward Mrs. Baring, whose face was blanching and who scarcely breathed as he proceeded: "But I am not. I lied. 'I'm a child of Fate; what doth it matter me!' I am going to break my chains! —do you understand?—snap them and rise and walk with the destiny that I know is awaiting me. And I am going to begin right now."

The emotional tide swept over Mrs. Baring, but the last thing that she saw was Gregg flinging McCord's affidavits on the smoldering fire. Gregg watched them smoke and uncurl and grow brown as he said: "I am young yet. I am strong enough to overcome anything that may be put before me. If—only just one thing happens—if you—if you don't hate me. If you respect me—if you stand by me" (Gregg's eyes followed the little teeth of fire which were nibbling at the corners of the crumpled papers). "McCord won't—he's a jelly man. He was puling his milk and sugar morality to-day. But you will stand by me—you are brave—you are iron—you are iron! I know it, and what do I care for Jim McCord and his affidavits!" He continued hoarsely: "Jim McCord arches his back up to my leg and purrs and sings—the old tabby—about my duty!—about my duty down in Pleasant Ridge." (A little wing of flame flickered among the papers and Gregg clutched Mrs. Baring's arm.) "Does Jim McCord jump in the creek and drown himself just because a lot of his litter were drowned before they got their eyes open? My eyes are open. I see my higher duty to my people, to my race. But I wanted to tell you first to know that you agreed; to know that you——"

Mrs. Baring got to her feet in spite of Gregg's tightening grasp. She tried to speak; but she was checked by the sound of footfalls approaching the corridor door. In another instant a hand was at the door-knob. Mrs. Baring whirled about toward a window. Gregg—clumsy, man-wise—faced McCord and Mrs. Gregg, who were standing in the doorway. The Governor was still leaning toward Mrs. Baring. He relaxed after Mrs. Gregg and McCord entered. McCord saw Gregg's quaking hand and his suffused face. Then he saw Mrs. Baring's back. Mrs. Gregg noticed nothing. Mrs. Baring turned and met McCord's eyes and saw whom he had brought in.

He was saying gently:

"Here he is, Mrs. Gregg; I knew we'd find them here."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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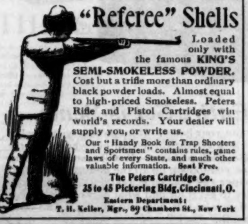

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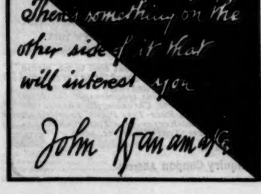

Literary Folk

Their Ways & Their Work

The Whole Duty of Woman*

A little white book of sonnets will possibly find but few readers in these hurried and noisy days when the star of prose shines clearly in the ascendant, and when poetry must ring with a clarion note to win a hearing from the crowd. Mr. McGaffey's note does not ring at all. It is clear enough, but subdued and gentle; sober rather than emphatic, reasonable rather than commanding. The sonnets are all addressed to the poet's wife, and express a very charming sentiment with sufficient reticence and decorum. This is, indeed, their most pleasing characteristic, for the vaunting of conjugal felicity must be done in guarded fashion to avoid offense. "A man," said Klopstock, "should speak of his wife as seldom, and with as much modesty, as he speaks of himself." It is true that we have been deluged of late years with letters, the confidential character of which might have saved them from publicity; but for such violations of good taste it is impossible to find any excuse. They merely prove what we know already—that nothing is too sacred to be sold.

Mr. McGaffey's sonnets, however, are neither passionate nor analytic. Their author sings smoothly of that enduring affection which helps man and wife to enjoy their little share of pleasures, and to endure their bigger share of mishaps. He preaches a wee bit now and then; but his sermons are far from strenuous, and his view of life is winning, by reason of its very simplicity. In his opinion, a woman's whole horizon is bounded by

"The man she loves, and all he means to her;"

and, if he speaks from experience, he is much to be congratulated. Byron, it may be remembered, has recorded a somewhat similar conviction; but no one knew better than his lordship that the statement was untrue. Here is Mr. McGaffey's full exposition of the case:

"To every man some doting woman lends
A halo of enchantment; in her eyes
He is most noble, loving, brave and wise;
This worship, like to incense pure, ascends,
And with her dreams in painted glamour blends,
Like rainbows melting in the western skies;
His highest word is something dear to prize,
His chance caress for sorrow full amends.

"Oh, mystery! that woman cannot see
Her own superiority to man,
Which soars on high, like eagle's wing above—
Just as it was, has been, will ever be,
Because ordained by God's primeval plan—
Her greater faith, fidelity and love."

It is pleasant to think that any citizen of the United States feels it necessary to warn women in this generous manner against the error of self-depreciation. The common opinion seems to be that they assume a superiority, hardly justified by the importance of the part they play.

Perhaps it would have been in better taste if Mr. Reedy, who contributes a "foreword" to the sonnets, had been less vehement in his praise. Readers are seldom disposed to take kindly to a book whose merits have been so lustily proclaimed. They are sure to be offended when told that if they do not like such "sweet and clean and strong" verses, it is because their tastes are perverted and impure. —*Agnes Repplier.*

Charles Major's Bad Fortune

Mr. Charles Major, the author of When Knighthood was in Flower, was compelled to admit recently that he had been cleverly trapped by a Toledo lassie of tender years. Mr. Major spent the summer at Petoskey, Michigan. So did the little Toledo girl. The author, who is exceedingly fond of children, soon scraped up an acquaintance. One day little Miss Toledo was penning a letter.

"My! What spelling and what writing!" exclaimed Mr. Major, who was looking over her shoulder.

The little girl did not relish this criticism, but she held her peace for a little; then she jumped down from her chair, and, running over to where Mr. Major sat reading, she exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Major, don't you want your fortune told?"

"Well, you just bet I do!" was the answer.

"All right; I'll tell it good and true for you, and it won't cost a cent, but you must do just as I say," insisted the little girl seriously. The author consented to all the conditions.

**Sonnets to a Wife:* by Ernest McGaffey. William Marion Reedy, St. Louis.

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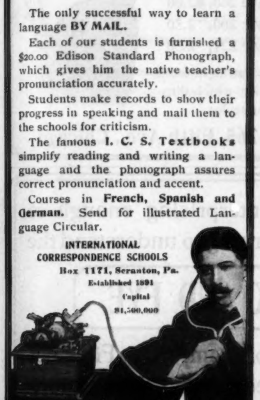

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"Cross your heart!" cried the girl.

Mr. Major went through these pledging motions.

"Now stick your head down, and close your eyes, and swing it while you count," came the command.

The novelist assumed the undignified position as directed, and slowly his head began to sway back and forth like a pendulum. He kept it up till he had counted one hundred, and then, with his face resembling a boiled lobster, he raised it and asked if that wasn't enough.

"No!" exclaimed the girl. "I haven't got through with your fortune yet."

"But that isn't in the game, is it?" meekly inquired Mr. Major.

"Oh, yes it is!" came the quick reply; "that's exercise for rubber-necks."

A Humorous Santa Claus

Mr. Elliot Flower, of Chicago, whose sketches of Policeman Flynn are among the brightest bits of humor which have recently come out of the West, has playfully announced to his friends that he will hereafter devote himself exclusively to writing Christmas stories.

"It seems," he explained, "that this is the one literary stunt to which I am foreordained by a wise Providence. I have had every attempt in this direction accepted. The other day, however, I sent out a story in which there was no Santa Claus. Soon I received a letter from a discerning magazine editor explaining that he would take the manuscript provided I should put into it a few chunks of Christmas atmosphere. Now I'm going to decorate my room with a bespangled evergreen tree and a fur coat and go into the Christmas business with the thermometer standing at ninety-eight degrees above zero."

Mr. Flower sustains in personal appearance the traditional standard of the humorists, having a countenance of marked seriousness.

Inspired by the Northern Pines

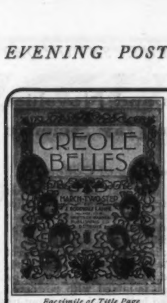
The Beleagured Forest, a quaint little volume of fiction from Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, in construction, motive and atmosphere has a peculiar interest. Although some twenty or thirty characters have a half-mystic existence in the background of this story, it is, to all practical purposes, a novel of one character—and that a woman.

A charm must be added to the perusal of this book by the knowledge that in many respects it is autobiographical. When a child, Peattie was far from robust, and for that reason she was chosen by her father as his companion on the long excursions, which his calling made necessary, into the dense Michigan woods. Much of the father's life had been spent among the Indians, a few of whom were still in Michigan when the daughter was introduced to the mysteries of the great pine forests.

On their pilgrimages her father told her of the traditions and the mystic life of these children of the woods. Then, too, the howl of the wolf still rang through the timber and made savage music to which the girl was lulled to sleep in cabins which gave their hospitality to these two travelers from civilization.

The impressions of those days and nights—the influence of the spirit of the Great Woods—became a permanent association in the mind of the author, and long before the present volume was actually put on paper she determined that her first sustained literary effort should be the attempt to express the meaning of those experiences and impressions. In confessing her own attitude in relation to the book Mrs. Peattie said to a friend:

"In the teeth of the latter-day books, with their sanely consistent women, I have tried to present one woman as irresponsible and inconsistent as woman really is. For my own part I hope never to see a consistent woman. Her motives are always affectional—fundamentally feminine. Her sense of principle is concrete, not abstract. Poetry—the natural refinement of all that is feminine within her—and not an abstract sense of principle—keeps woman good. And so it came to me to put a woman and a forest together. The influence of solitude upon woman, upon the feminine heart and mind; the shadow and the menace of Fate: these are the things which have been foremost in the book, which has been written mainly for myself—or for the girl who dreamed her dreams in the cabins of the great pine woods of Michigan."



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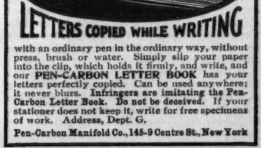

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TO

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There are several varieties of this peculiar kind of food mixture. Cocoa (the roasted and ground chocolate bean deprived of fat) may be substituted for the chocolate, or coffee may be employed instead. If coffee is utilized, only one-fourth of dried milk is put with it. In any case the ingredients are powdered separately and then mixed.

In a dry state the mixtures of milk and chocolate are pleasant to the taste and highly digestible, affording an admirable condensed food.

One advantage of this kind of food is that it is cheap, the skimmed milk being almost a waste product. It is composed mainly of the "proteids," or flesh-forming ingredients, of the milk and cocoa or coffee beans, with enough fat and starch to make it a well-balanced ration. If desired, the requisite sugar may be introduced into the original mixture.

A Brobdingnagian Daisy

The newest floral wonder is the "Shasta daisy," originated by a flower grower of California. It measures a foot in circumference, and, when one was exhibited recently in a florist's window in San Francisco, people literally flocked to see it.

It is really a new kind of flower, and has been produced by several years of crossing and selection, three different kinds of daisies being used—the common American species, the larger and coarser European sort, and the Japanese daisy.

There are three rows of petals of the purest white, and each blossom is upheld by a single strong and wiry stem which is nearly two feet long.

One advantage of the Shasta daisy is said to be that it is exceedingly hardy, enduring much cold, so that it can be grown out-of-doors. It is claimed that it prospers in almost any kind of soil, blooms all summer long (in California nearly all the year round) and may be rapidly multiplied by dividing the roots.

A peculiarity of this new and beautiful blossom is that it sometimes shows colors, indicating that daisies of various hues and of gigantic size may be placed on the market before long.

Metal Eggs for Cooling Drinks

One of the oddest of recent inventions is a refrigerating egg, as it might be called. It is an ovoid capsule of nickel-plated copper, about the size and shape of a hen's egg, hollow and nearly filled with water. For use, it is frozen, so that its contents become ice.

If you have a glass of milk that is not cold enough, you do not like to put ice into it, because dilution with water spoils the beverage. But, if you have one of these eggs handy, you may drop it into the glass, and in a few moments the liquid is reduced to the desired temperature. In the same way you may cool your cup of coffee, if it is too hot, and the idea is equally applicable to any other drink.

Many people nowadays are disinclined to use ice in their drinking water, because it may contain germs. All danger is avoided by dropping one of these metal eggs into one's tumbler.

The refrigerating egg is a little less than full of water, so as to allow for the slight expansion of the liquid in freezing; otherwise, of course, the capsule would burst. After being filled, the capsule is sealed so perfectly that no one can tell where the opening was, and thus it is absolutely watertight.

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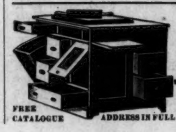

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